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Has the Leopard Changed?

ONCE Mr Gaitskell succeeded some months ago in lining up his majority on defence and foreign policy for the Labour Party conference, he confronted himself with a new challenge: could he secure unity as well as victory? And if he could, would the conference illuminate a way ahead which would appeal in due course to the electorate?

As the Blackpool week draws to its end, it would be a rash prophet who would venture a positive answer to either question. But things certainly might have been worse. Mr Gaitskell may not have won over Mr Cousins (he may not even have intended to), but the tone and content of his speeches carried conviction in some unexpectedly left-wing quarters. It has been somewhat overlooked in all the cloud of newspaper witness to Mr Gaitskell's week of triumph, that the actual resolutions he has been speaking to have almost all been shaped by pressure from the left. *Signposts for the Sixties*? Defence? Germany? The Common Market? Each of these items of policy assumed its present form as the result of substantial concessions made in the party's National Executive by Mr Gaitskell and his supporters.

This in itself justifies the struggle which the Left has made and provides, at a time of formal defeat, a clear incentive to continue the effort – perfectly legitimate and no threat to unity, unless the leadership for tactical reasons chooses to make it so – to force the party leaders to acknowledge the Socialist institutions and collective economy which are the Labour Party's *raison d'être*.

Having said that, however, it is also necessary to recall the fact that neither *Signposts for the Sixties* nor the party statements on defence and the Common Market have been, as they stand, welcome to the Left. Whether they have provoked forthright condemnation, or merely cautious acceptance, has depended mainly on individual assessment of the will of the leadership to make real the forms of words within which compromise has been achieved. It is difficult to forget that Mr Gaitskell and his friends were among the last advocates of the British H-bomb and promoted the attempt to revise Clause Four.

Mr Gaitskell, however, may have learned the same lesson that so many others in the Labour Party have learned at so much cost: that he must choose between a divided party in the wilderness and a half-way-house policy. If he had continued to lead the Labour Party from the position of outside right, he would soon have found himself the undisputed master of a rump party; he would have achieved what Aneurin Bevan used to call the unity of the graveyard. Fortunately there are signs that he has heeded the danger and made a timely choice. Much of what he said at Blackpool this week, particularly in the debate on *Signposts for the Sixties*, was considerate towards those who do not share his views and, when taken in conjunction with the policies he was advocating, appropriate to a leader who had assumed the traditional centre position from which Attlee successfully led both wings of the Labour Party for more than 20 years. If Mr Gaitskell has indeed learned that lesson, the prospect for the Labour Party may prove to be brighter than anyone can yet foresee.

Mr Cousins and, no doubt, many other serious and thoughtful Socialists, still feel that such a transformation is too good to be true; but the commitments of political leaders are determined not by their night-thoughts, but by the postures and perorations they are compelled to strike in public. Nobody need suppose that Mr Gaitskell's profound convictions about the nature of Socialism are any different now from what they were a year ago. But his position of leadership is now secure, and he has to lead a party which has always been a coalition of reformist opinion, which contains Mr Mikardo as well as Mr Crosland, Mr Carron as well as Mr Cousins. It is quite possible he has now realised that this cannot be done without yielding to pressures. If he has, the duty of the Left is clear: keep up the pressure. A party, in the long run, gets the leader it deserves.

SPOTLIGHT ON POLITICS

Gaitskell's Golden Mile

ANTHONY HOWARD

Blackpool, the Mayor suggested, was an appropriate place for the Labour Party to hold its conference. And in a way, of course, he was right. With its creaking Big Wheel, its clanking trams, its barn-like pubs and its hideously archaic hotels, Blackpool must years ago have faced the same problems as have seemed since the last election to confront the Labour Party. Did it keep the faith or search for new attractions? In fact – like the Labour Party – it has equivocated. High tea is still served at Seaview, but at Butlin's there is a dance every night – and outside it (and a stone's throw from the nearest Bingo Hall) an illuminated stained-glass window behind a neon-lighted cross.

For a time at the beginning of this week this latest (and nastiest) addition to the town's illuminations aroused the darkest suspicions. For some delegates returning on Sunday night from the dampest annual party demonstration in years, it was altogether too much: whatever its intended symbolism, its immediate application appeared all too obvious. Blackpool, having been at the bedside from the beginning, seemed intent on doing the final honours as well.

And it was, as it turned out, a close-run thing. If in years to come someone asserts that on Sunday 1 October 1961 the central deliberative body of the British Labour movement spent 25 minutes debating the exact place that one of its members should occupy on the conference platform he will no doubt be dismissed as a senile idiot. But, for the record, he will be speaking the truth – and in case anyone doubts it, those industrious researchers at Nuffield College Oxford could do worse than to start taking down on tape the Life and Times of Mr Jim Matthews. They should make the charming discovery that to him one sunny autumn Sunday afternoon the whole future of British democracy appeared to be perched on Mr Ian Mikardo's chair-leg.

Nor was this an isolated embittering preliminary incident. There was also the curious case of Mr Callaghan – and his surprise selection to move the emergency motion on the Wage Pause in that pregnant period on Monday morning before the balloting for the National Executive begins. And so one could go on: Miss Alice Bacon's and Mr George Brown's tomahawk dance over Mr Zilliacus, the final knife in the back of Mr Wedgwood Benn, the not wholly disinterested discouragement of an emergency motion on Northern Rhodesia – rarely can the smoke-filled rooms have so infected the general atmosphere as they did this year. By Monday morning the whole town was fittingly engulfed in fog.

It did not really clear – at least in the conference hall – until Tuesday morning. The one man at a Labour Party conference who is certain of a rapt attention is the chief scrutineer. When he rose to his feet at quarter to ten last Tuesday morning he certainly got it; and he made the most of it. There was regret over unreturned ballot papers, gratification over only one that was spoiled – and finally Mr E. S. Taylor came to the point.

The first announcement to which the hall reacted was that Mr Danny McGarvey of the Boilermakers had kept his seat in the trade union section of the National Executive. The militant members of the Campaign for Democratic Socialism took two hard swallows and looked ruefully, if sympathetically, in the direction of Mr L. V. Andrews (of the Post Office Workers) who had become their favourite son. The voice droned on through 'Socialist, Co-operative and Professional Organisations' – and that strange anomalous section of the Executive (which has only once been known to go astray) was safely gathered in unopposed. Then – as the voice announced 'Division Three' – there was a straightening of backs and a bracing of muscles.

The ordeal did not, in fact, take long. 'Elected – Greenwood, Anthony; Castle, Barbara; Wilson, Harold' – the pattern at least was clear. And by the time Mr Mikardo had beaten Mr Callaghan, and Mr Healey – still more than 250,000 votes below his nearest conqueror – had increased his vote by a mere bagatelle of 50,000, no one seemed to bother to notice that the most actively identifiable CDS candidate, Mr Gerry Reynolds, had actually lost almost half his vote. Even Mrs Lena Jeger's scalp in the Women's Section plainly brought little comfort to the anxious men who by now were doing agonised sums in the corridors trying to prove that, after all, when one took the results together, looked at them upside down, sideways – anywhere in fact except straight in the eye – they showed a gain of 20 per cent for the Right.

That the elections to the constituency section of the National Executive represented a reverse for what Mr Roy Jenkins now rather endearingly calls (and in the public prints too) 'the Gaitskellite wing of the party' seems hardly worth asserting – let alone debating. It is, however, important not to over-emphasise them. Just as the great strength of the Labour Right has always been its ability to dig in and defend, so its principal weakness has never ceased to be its total failure to be able to advance and capture.

Moreover in the general context of the week the NEC results represented for the Left an isolated hour of glory. On municipilisation of housing they were scattered in disarray – no one, in fact, even bothering to notice that among the hands that shot up against the Executive was that of Mr Frank Cousins and that therefore it might have been worth-while shouting out 'Card Vote' (especially as such a moderate figure as Mr Michael Stewart had made a powerful speech in opposition to the dropping of the party's former policy). The same went for the debate on Public schools. Despite a resolution eloquently moved by Mr Fred Peart – and supported angrily from the floor – Miss Alice Bacon was allowed to swim comfortably to the shore clutching that very motion to her as a life-belt.

But, of course, the real significance of the debate on *Signposts For The Sixties* naturally centred on Mr Gaitskell's speech. For one and a half days the delegates sat, watched and wondered: four considered hand-claps for Mr Frank Cousins, a wintry – though slightly relieved – smile for Mr Ted Hill, an expression of puzzled disbelief at a newspaper story suggesting that he was 'getting tough' on the Common Market – what did it all add up to?

By four o'clock on Tuesday afternoon Mr Gaitskell had provided the answer. The Labour Party leader had clearly set his sights at two targets: first to try and wipe out the 23 months of trouble that had passed, and secondly to make the party look outwards rather than inwards in the future. If he did not succeed, it was not entirely his fault.

For what, of course, went wrong at Blackpool was Mr Frank Cousins. Even before the melodrama on Wednesday morning (when the ecstatic applause for Mr Cousins' curiously ill-judged speech bore about as much relation to reality as do demonstrations at American Conventions), the writing had been on the wall. Whether striding like Coriolanus in the market-place of hotel lobbies or making his daily march to the rostrum, Mr Cousins from the beginning appeared as the spectre at the feast. At moments it almost seemed as if Bevanism had been re-born: the adulation, the passion, the defiance have not been seen in such measure in British politics for years. The Left at Blackpool may not have found a leader, still less a field commander; but it had caught sight of something almost as significant – a martyr.

And the victory? Well, it was, of course, like old Kaspar's – famous. But like his, it was a little hard to see what it added up to. If Miss Alice Bacon could beam happily at the carrying of the official defence policy statement and the defeat of the Transport and General Workers' resolution, Mr Anthony Greenwood could smile equally cheerfully over Polaris and German troops.

In fact the only person who did not appear to be smiling was Mr Gaitskell. And he was probably wise enough to see – despite the laurel wreaths pressed on his brow – that the real victory was Blackpool's. Like the town, the Labour Party had gone in for glaring contradictions. Like the town it had once again made itself look garish, and like the town it had not succeeded in changing its reputation. Among the lights on the Golden Mile all may have looked like triumph and success; but away from the Illuminations the illusion is likely to vanish.

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NEXT WEEK

The Mood of America
KINGSLEY MARTIN

Tynan as Dramatic Critic
A. ALVAREZ

Vicky's Blackpool Notebook

Comments on the Week's News

New York

The Empty Chair

KINGSLEY MARTIN *writes*: With Mr Gromyko all set to discuss the realities of Berlin with Mr Rusk and the President in Washington, and the issue of the admission of Mauretania, Mongolia and Red China into the UN postponed, interest here turns on the problem of appointing a successor to Mr Hammarskjold. Adlai Stevenson's abrupt dismissal of the latest Soviet compromise is believed by many to be another bargaining move. If Russia has gone so far as formally to abandon the veto inside the Troika and merely to suggest that the new Secretary-General shall do his utmost to carry his three associates with him, does Washington hope to push the USSR another step?

My own information is, on the contrary, that America is standing on principle against any Troika on the ground that the Chief Executive must be free to appoint any committees he desires, but not on a regional or ideological basis. It is argued that he must make delicate and swift decisions and that he would be fatally handicapped if he had to show documents and argue all the time with a committee of divergent views. This position would not be changed even if Russia agreed quite unambiguously that the Secretary-General could override the views of all or any members of the Troika.

Responsible people hold that the UN achieved a great success under Mr Hammarskjold in Suez, the Middle East and other conflicts, and now has a great task in carrying out the mandate to throw out the 'mercenaries' from Katanga. In his annual report of June 1961, Mr Hammarskjold put forward a dynamic view of the Secretary-General's job in interpreting the Security Council's mandate, and this appears to be incompatible with any form of Troika.

Behind this there is the fundamental difference with the USSR. The Russian case is that there are now 100 UN members instead of the original 50 and that their views should be constantly taken into account in every decision. The Communists do not believe in any impartial or objective individual. An able Communist delegate explained to me that at this stage it is unrealistic to believe that the great differences, passions and tensions inside the UN could be overcome by any single Executive who might be represented as above the battle. Logically this seems to imply that the basic struggle must be pursued until final victory by one side is achieved. This could mean that the UN is to be kept weak until Communism and its allies dominate it, as the United States has dominated it in the past. In the meantime Russia does not want to break up the UN or walk out, and must compromise if only to prevent the split, which the extreme American newspapers would like. The UN would then be destroyed and turned into a purely anti-Communist camp.

Today the US can usually count on a majority against the Communist bloc, but this is no longer certain. America's difficulty is great because if she refuses all compromises and tries to push a chosen nominee through the Assembly, he would be boycotted by Russia as a 'usurper'. No one from India or Burma or probably from any non-committed country would be permitted by his government to accept such nomination, even if he were personally willing (which seems unlikely). His position would be impossibly invidious and would not carry any authority.

Some Americans therefore argue that the best policy is to avoid any nomination by America and to throw the problem back to the Assembly to see if some dark horse could be found who would be acceptable to a satisfactory majority and willing to incur Soviet enmity. Some even ask whether Mr Boland, who is popular with the Assembly, might be persuaded to stand in spite of his explicit statement to the contrary. But it is not easy to imagine any westerner being asked, or being willing to accept without great personal support in the Assembly. The difficulty is enhanced by the need for speed, in view of the mandate to throw all the European officers out of Katanga.

It is admitted here that Tshombe constantly breaks his promises. Belgians who were dismissed have been allowed to return, and a dangerous collection of thugs, soldiers of fortune and violent racialists must be eliminated; and it is held that these evil elements have been supported by unscrupulous financial interests which seem to have ramifications in Belgium, America, Britain and beyond. Welensky and the British are much blamed here for the events leading to the death of Hammarskjold; and this view has been expressed by high and most 'respectable' persons.

It will be seen that the issue of the Secretary-General raises fascinating questions of theory as well as of immediate practice. Can any one group hold enough authority to aid and control the inevitable changes in the world, instead of allowing local clashes to drift into catastrophe?

Ghana

Locking-up the Opposition

A Commonwealth Correspondent writes: The arrests in Ghana this week are likely to increase the friction which undoubtedly exists between Whitehall and Accra and may well cancel out any advantage which might otherwise have accrued from Mr Sandys's visit to President Nkrumah. They will certainly lead to a flood of anti-Ghanaian reporting in some British newspapers. To say that, is not to condone the arrests, which have been greeted with considerable misgivings even among Nkrumah's friends in this country. It is, however, necessary to keep a sense of proportion – and it may be wise to wait a little longer to see how much real evidence exists of a plot to overthrow the government. At least Nkrumah, on past form, treats reasonably those he detains and releases them in due course; and it is a historical truth, which we tend conveniently to forget, that few nations have achieved statehood and democracy without a period of turbulent politics and authoritarian government.

It may well be that Mr Gbedemah, long the main opponent of Socialism in the government, who was sacked last week-end, was suspected of a liaison with anti-Nkrumah elements and particularly with Ashanti separatists. The other top-ranking minister to be removed in Nkrumah's Cabinet reshuffle, Botsio, is a comfortable figure who had done well out of the regime and was widely held to be no longer an effective minister. Nkrumah is clearly pursuing his proclaimed course of Africanising the Ghanaian public service as quickly as possible and giving his administration a specifically Socialist bias. He is under strong pressures, some chauvinist, some Communist. But he himself is neither of these, and a serious attempt by Britain to understand the nature of his difficulties – and above all to protect him from unreasonable economic pressure by Washington – is the best way of ensuring that his departures from democratic practice are as few and as temporary as possible.

MARTIN IN AMERICA

Kingsley Martin is on a special mission to the United States to report and interpret the American scene for readers of the NEW STATESMAN.

His experience of the US, ranging over nearly 40 years, and personal acquaintance with many of its leading policy-makers and opinion-formers, will make his dispatches of unusual interest.

For the next two months his reports will appear regularly in the NEW STATESMAN, *beginning* **next week.**

Damascus

The New Regime

Our Middle East Correspondent writes: If the new Syrian regime is to carry through its declared intention of holding elections within three months, with complete freedom for the press and the political parties, two conditions are necessary. One is that the Syrian people should show themselves vastly more disciplined and mutually tolerant than they were when they last enjoyed these privileges. The other is that the army should stick to its resolve not to intervene whichever party gains the upper hand in the election campaign and in the new National Assembly.

It would be something of a miracle if both these conditions were fulfilled. At present, the Kuzbari government rides on the wave of popularity enjoyed by any new regime in Syria. The country is at least outwardly calm, and the new government has received valuable support in the form of declarations by prominent politicians, expressing their backing of the revolution. These include two leaders of the Socialist Ba'ath Party, Akram Hourani and Salah Bitar, together with the former premier, Sabri Assali, who helped to engineer the union with Egypt in 1958. The Communists, the Syrian Populists or Fertile Crescent Party, and the Muslim Brotherhood have equally declared themselves delighted at the dissolution of the UAR.

But Kuzbari can be under no illusion that these people will give him an easy passage. In particular, the Syrian Left – both Communist and Socialist – tolerate him only because he is giving them the chance to recover ground they have lost over the past three years. The rightish tendencies of the new regime, which were already obvious when the government was formed, were confirmed by the alacrity with which it was recognised by such states as Jordan, Turkey, Formosa, Guatemala and Iran. There have also been

rumours circulating in Damascus that Syria would shortly apply for membership of Cento (the rump of the old Baghdad Pact) – a perfect gift for the Cairo propaganda services.

Moreover, inside Syria itself, associations of businessmen and chambers of commerce have issued enthusiastic declarations, looking forward to the resumption of liberal economic policies. Kuzbari has already said that nationalised firms will be restored to their former owners, though he has baulked at reversing the land reform, which would have caused too great an upheaval at present. The leaders of the new regime are obviously sensitive to Cairo's charges that they are reactionary separatists. Kuzbari's reply is to declare himself in favour of 'genuine Socialism' and complete Arab unity based on equality – with the implication that Cairo wants neither. If the present facade of Syrian unity is to endure, he must somehow back these assertions with action – and in the very near future.

Cairo

Counting the Losses

A Special Correspondent writes: The collapse of the union with Syria is the most serious blow the Nasser regime has ever suffered – far more serious than the Sinai debacle, for this was confused in Egyptian eyes by the Anglo-French invasion, and redeemed by the diplomatic triumph over Suez. Nasser's influence in the Arab world has always rested on the assumption that, by personifying the forces of nationalism and unity, he could always, in moments of crisis, command the active loyalty of the Arab urban proletariat and university students. This assumption had already been shaken by his bloodless defeat in the streets of Baghdad; it is now largely demolished by the ease with which the army and a group of right-wing politicians took over in Syria. Apart from some students at Damascus University and a group of Palestinian refugees, the revolt met with no resistance.

The fact is, Nasser made a strategic error in trying to integrate Syria administratively with the Egyptian state. Most Syrians supported the union when it was formed, on the assumption that the changes would be largely nominal and that the country would continue to lead a separate existence. There are fundamental racial, religious, economic and social differences between Syria and Egypt; indeed, it has much closer social and economic ties with the Lebanon, Palestinian Jordan and even Iraq. Had the creation of the UAR been followed rapidly by the formation of a confederation of Arab states, which at one time seemed possible, the union might have survived. But the successive reverses Nasser suffered in Iraq, Jordan and Saudi-Arabia made its future dubious; and Nasser's abolition of the provincial government in Damascus – followed by his desperate attempt to Egyptianise the Syrian army – sealed its fate. Pan Arabism has been exposed as a myth.

Nasser must now make a re-appraisal. One of the reasons why his rule was resented in Syria is that living standards there are appreciably higher than in Egypt; the Syrians felt they were losing on the deal, and they resented the ever-growing number of Egyptian administrators, many of them inferior in training. Nasser must now abandon his hope of financing the economic development of Egypt by drawing on the resources of the wealthier Arab states. This means he will look elsewhere for aid, and there are already signs that he is anxious to mend his bridges with Moscow. But such a switch may meet a chilly response. The Russians have learned to distrust Arab 'bourgeois revolutionaries' like Nasser and Kassem. Nasser is now a far less valuable client than in the heady days of 1955-58. Moreover, the Russians are already heavily committed over the Aswan Dam and are beginning to understand that land-reclamation in Egypt requires by far the heaviest capital-ratio in the entire area; Iraq, where the Communists are far more active, is a more attractive investment. Nasser remains much the shrewdest politician in the Middle East – but he will need all his energy and acumen to survive the next few months.

Uganda

Macleod's Finesse

A Commonwealth Correspondent writes: Mr Macleod seems to be handling the Uganda constitutional conference, now taking place in London, with characteristic diplomacy. He must by now know more than any man living (except perhaps the unfortunate Mr Tsarapkin) about the techniques of keeping conferences going beyond the point where they seem to have broken down. In this case Mr Kiwanuka, Chief Minister and the Leader of the Democratic Party, walked out of the conference at the beginning of this week on the ground that Macleod had already made a private agreement with the Kabaka of Buganda to keep in being under the new constitution a non-elected element in the Buganda Lukiko – and so in the Uganda central legislature, since the Baganda representatives there were to be indirectly elected by the Lukiko. The following day, however, he returned to the conference, mollified by the familiar-sounding assurance that Mr Macleod would keep an open mind on these matters till the end of the conference, and that less controversial matters could thus be tackled first. This piece of finesse may produce only temporary results. For Kiwanuka's objection raises a point of fundamental importance which will almost certainly have to be dealt with at the present conference.

Uganda, with considerable natural resources and almost no racial problem (apart from anti-Asian prejudice by Africans), should have been independent before now. The obstacle has been the Baganda who have played a role similar to that of white settlers in other parts of East and Central Africa or of Mr Tshombe in Katanga. The Kabaka and his court maintain a feudal system, which would be undermined by a unitary and independent Uganda state. So they have consistently blocked progress towards democracy and independence, even boycotting the elections earlier in the year. As their province is the wealthiest in the country, and a natural commercial centre, a Uganda state can hardly be created without it. It is perhaps a hopeful sign that the Baganda are at least participating in the present conference. But the future of Uganda and its role in an East-African federation will depend on the extent to which they are persuaded or manoeuvred into association with the rest of the Protectorate. If this can be achieved during the present conference, independence should be possible in a year or two. But unless the Buganda position is cleared up before independence, a Katanga-style situation could easily develop afterwards.

Paris

Alarm and Despondency

JEAN DANIEL *writes:* French opinion is now competely confused by the news from Algeria. When it is announced that several important leaders of the right-wing 'Secret Army' (OAS) have been arrested 30 miles from Algiers, the reaction of ordinary Frenchmen is: 'So there are still some soldiers, policemen and officials available to arrest other soldiers, policemen and officials'. In other words, the surprise is that the situation is not totally out of control – and that in the fief of the OAS in Algeria there still remain a few isolated outposts loyal to the Republic. Since the Commander in Chief in Algeria, General Ailleret, publicly announced that his troops had a double objective – to fight equally against the FLN and the OAS – his men have had no other alternative but to obey – or desert.

It is this new aspect of the situation in Algeria – a little less desperate and negative – which goes some way to justify the extraordinary imperturbability and serenity of General de Gaulle when he spoke to the nation on Monday evening. His main theme was Algeria and it is true he re-opened the possibility of talks with the nationalists by employing the same terminology they use themselves: independence and cooperation. But on the means to attain this end, on the methods he intends to employ to swing French public opinion behind him, he has not budged an inch. With a vigour which is unusual for him, this singular old man, with his Shakespearian sense of destiny, is setting out to caulk the timbers, to repair the ship of state and bring it safely into harbour by the sole magic of his language and the unique force of his personal authority.

Doubtless he is not the only one to believe in himself – his last tour through France proves that. But it is impossible to live here without realising that the sickness of his regime has now reached crisis-point and that a dramatic upheaval is at hand. Guy Mollet, the Socialist leader, who has a sharp nose for these things, has already scented it. By joining Pierre Mendès-France in the opposition he has both issued a solemn warning to the Gaullists and at the same time strengthened his position in his own party. The growth of the OAS and the prospect of civil war no doubt precipitated this move: but its chief motive was the realisation – now shared by many other French political leaders – that the regime itself is hollow. If de Gaulle is assassinated, it will simply disappear, and at present the French left is totally unprepared to replace it.

True, in the next few weeks, a hundred different things might happen. But there is a real chance that some form of peace will be negotiated with the Algerians, and that this will be followed by a general rising of the OAS in Algeria, together with a *coup* inside France. The leaders of the left are now trying to alert public opinion to this prospect and organise a response.

But what response? There is much talk about forming a 'Shadow Cabinet', representing all groups who want peace in Algeria. But it cannot succeed unless the Communists agree to give the movement its support without attempting to dominate it. The leaders of the CP, obsessed by Berlin and the international situation, show no sign of cooperating on these lines: if they persist in this attitude, the chances of organising a united

working-class against the *ultras* are slender. Meanwhile, de Gaulle – a solitary, vulnerable man, as the assassination attempt proved – remains the fragile barrier to chaos.

Welfare

Care of the Aged

GEOFFREY DRAIN *writes:* Although the National Health Service provided a framework for the provision of treatment as a community responsibility, there are still areas of health-care in which reliance is placed on unsupervised voluntary or private organisation. Cases in point are convalescence, private homes for old people and private nursing homes. Surprisingly little has been thought or said about these. Now Caroline Woodroffe and Peter Townsend, in a study published by the National Corporation for the Care of Old People, have taken a look at private nursing home organisation, and have found the unsatisfactory state of affairs which was to be expected. There are nearly 1,200 such homes, with 18,700 beds; and legislative provisions for their registration and inspection are minimal. There is no means of controlling standards of care and accommodation, or of ensuring that they are run by properly qualified persons and adequately staffed. Their survival into the era of the Welfare State poses uncomfortable questions about the adequacy of its services in some vital respects.

Indeed, one of the side effects of the figures produced in the study is to point to the relative success of the Health Service in maternity arrangements, and its failure, along with that of the welfare services, to make full provision for the aged. Since 1950 there has been a fall from 22 per cent to nine per cent in the proportion of nursing home beds reserved for maternity cases, whilst the accommodation used for other purposes, mainly for old people, has increased by 17 per cent. It is the more alarming because private nursing homes do not appear to have the snob appeal of private schools, but to be places where very often old people with just enough money (sometimes not enough) go when they cannot be cared for anywhere else.

It is tempting to say that there should be no private residential provision for the sick and aged, but this is not the conclusion reached by the authors in their moderate and responsible statement. They ask for the more immediately attainable objectives of registering individuals of all ages who have some marked incapacity, and of ensuring that any arrangements for such people conform to certain standards. This would mean the conditional registration and regular inspection of all nursing homes, and some measure of public control over the appointment of those responsible for running them. As a first step this is the essential minimum, but the whole of the fringe area around the boundaries of the health and welfare services needs searching examination, because some important problems of human well-being have spilled outside them.

Police Whitewash

The announcement by Scotland Yard that the Commissioner of Police has ordered an internal and private investigation of 'some two dozen . . . specific instances where the police are alleged to have acted improperly' in the Committee of 100's Trafalgar Square demonstration last month is both tardy and totally inadequate. It is inadequate partly because, by this method of investigation, justice will not be seen to be done – and the nature of the allegations against the police demands that it should be; and partly because the more circumstantial and apparently responsible allegations taken together amount to a great deal more than some 'specific instances' of police violence.

If these charges are substantially true, as they appear to be, they point clearly to the conclusion that from midnight onwards on the night of 17-18 September, the police on duty in Trafalgar Square, who had earlier and in front of witnesses dealt fairly with the demonstrators, were ordered by some responsible officer to change their tactics: first to clear the Square of observers not implicated in the demonstration, and then to use force against the hard core of demonstrators remaining. This charge is too serious to be disposed of by a whitewashing routine inquiry, conducted perhaps by colleagues of the official responsible.

We have received in this office a number of letters (we publish another in this issue) bearing witness to police brutality in the Square after midnight. A disquieting number of them in general terms corroborate one another and carry *prima facie* conviction. We suggest that all those who have written to us and to other journals should now write to their MPs demanding a ministerially-appointed Home Office inquiry.

The official attitude of the Committee of 100 that no formal complaint is to be made seems to us absurd. Those who break the law non-violently in the course of political demonstration have no reasonable complaint if they are non-violently charged with their offences. But if their non-violence is met with unlawful (or unreasonable) violence by the police, they do a serious disservice to the rest of the community if they do not press their complaints and force a full investigation. Nor is the suggestion that the aggrieved individuals should sue the police a helpful one. The case of Adam Roberts, with which readers of this journal are already familiar, shows why.

Unless Mr Roberts is a deliberate liar (which he is not), nobody can have more grievous or more specific complaints against the police than he has. He was handled with avoidable, if not deliberate, roughness over a considerable period; and he was violently assaulted by individual policemen on three separate occasions (by kicking in the Square; by kicking and by water-hose at Bow Street). In the latter part of his ordeal he was not very clear-headed, and inevitably his identification of the officers concerned is shaky. How, then, can he issue summonses against the individual officers who assaulted him? How in any case can an undergraduate of 21 without private means be expected to institute legal proceedings against the Metropolitan Police?

The Home Office has clearly been counting on being able to use the youth of most of the demonstrators, and what officialdom held to be the unpopularity of their cause, to obscure the gravity and precision of the charges against the police. It is up to MPs when they reassemble in ten days time to smoke Mr Butler out of this squalid refuge.

Warsaw Table Talk

NORMAN MACKENZIE

'Round tables are now in fashion', said Krushchev's son-in-law, Aleksi Adzubei, at a private meeting of journalists in Warsaw this week. 'They at least have the advantage that there are no awkward corners.' But what are the awkward corners that the Russians are now seeking to avoid? Why, after a month of dramatic crisis, did such senior if informal Soviet spokesmen as Ehrenburg and Korneichuk choose to come to London a fortnight ago, or Korneichuk and Adzubei turned up at another 'little Pugwash' in Rome last week? I hoped that the third of these occasions – a meeting of journalists from East and West called by the Poles – would provide an answer.

The Soviet decision to attend these meetings seems to have been taken in the first week of September, when the Russians were looking for ways to show that the Berlin situation was not going to be pressed to an immediate or even a dangerous showdown. They wanted, it seems, to show that they were prepared to talk. Hence the repeated emphasis on 'realistic' negotiations. 'Things are settling down a bit', Adzubei said in a bland manner that implied the events of August were somehow due to natural causes, 'so let us talk seriously'. Gerhard Eisler spoke in a very different tone from that of the radio propaganda he produced for Ulbricht in August, insisting that 'we have no intention of occupying West Berlin, or interfering with it. We will sign every kind of guarantee that the West requires'.

It is possible to dismiss such calming remarks as nothing more than an attempt to soften-up public opinion in the West by presenting the Soviet proposals as an entirely reasonable attempt to settle the German problem. The Russians have employed this 'concertina tactic' of squeeze and relax in the past, and there may still be moments of great tension and even peril ahead. But I left Warsaw with the strong impression that three things had happened by mid-September which together induced the Russians to make this change of front.

The first is that the sealing of East Berlin dealt with the immediate and (for them) potentially disastrous situation in East Germany. This involved great risks, especially as it had to be done in the middle of the Bonn elections and after the West had already been alerted about Berlin. The second is that the war scare had begun to have two serious consequences – alarm among the people of eastern Europe and, more important, a much tougher military response from the West than had been anticipated. But the third development gave the Russians an opportunity to ease their pressure without making any apparent climb-down: this was the attention that serious-minded people in the West at last began to pay to the German situation. Adzubei virtually conceded this when he said: 'Why do we have to have three months of crisis to get to this point?'

Now that the Americans and Russians are inching towards such negotiations, however, the problem is to understand why the crisis was precipitated in the first place, and to distinguish – in the welter of propaganda – what Krushchev really hopes to achieve. While no one outside the Kremlin can answer these two questions with certainty, after the

long talks in Warsaw I can now see more clearly the link between Soviet motives and Soviet objectives.

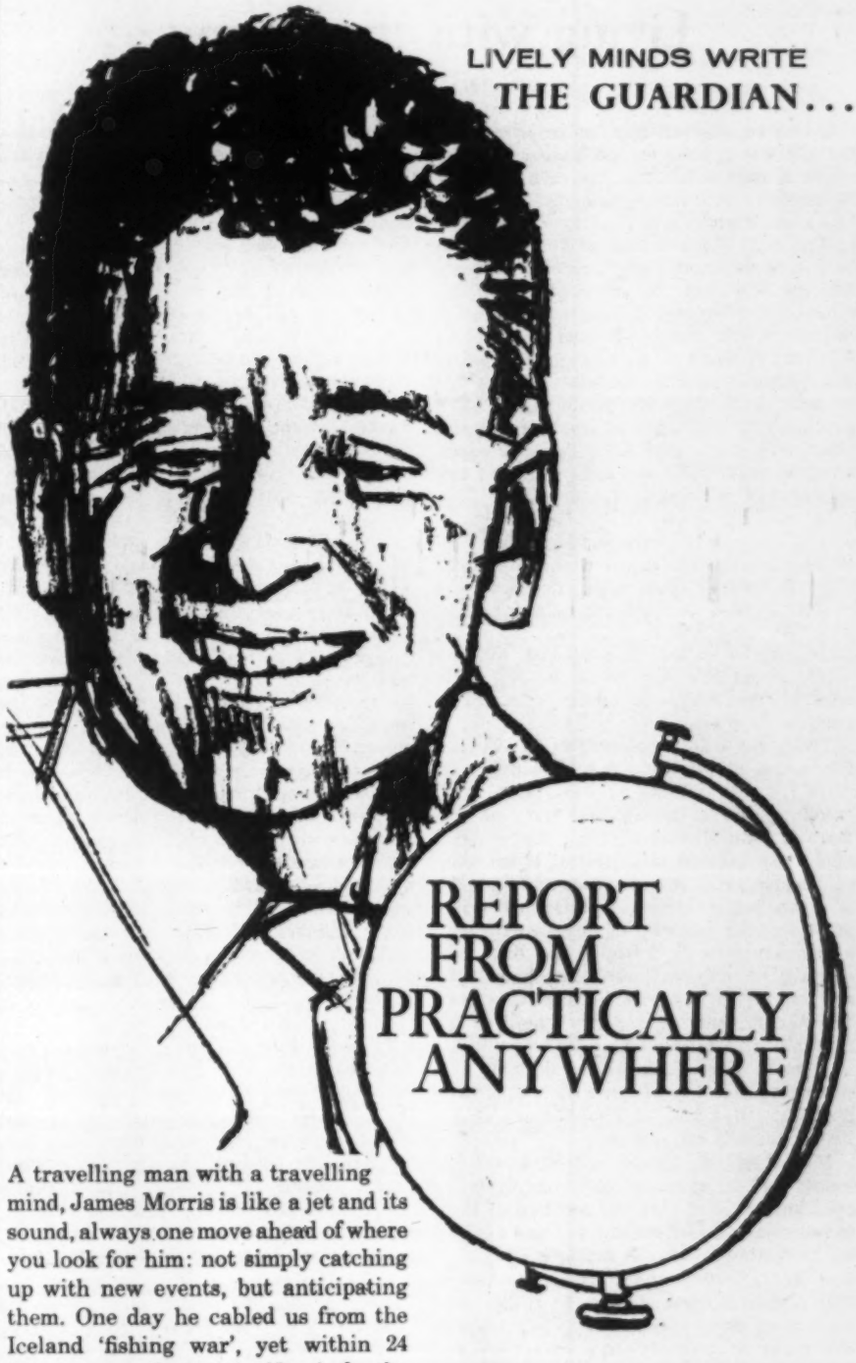
The most revealing clue to this came from a prominent Polish Communist who remarked: 'The *status quo* in Berlin has been disturbed in order to secure recognition of the *status quo* in Europe'. Berlin, that is, has become the lever by which Krushchev hopes to move the West to something more than recognition of the East German regime, important though this alone may be in tactical terms. If the need to prop up Ulbricht, and to secure some kind of recognition for him from the West, had been the only purpose of a Berlin crisis, this could have been engineered at any time in the last three years.

It is here that one notes the fundamental difference between the Soviet and American estimates of the German situation. The West has taken the view that the only unsettling factor in central Europe has been the weakness of the East German regime, and it therefore had no need in terms of either political morality or power to change anything. It thus stood pat, resisting Soviet proposals which seemed designed to upset an arrangement that, with all its faults and dangers, has at least served for 15 years. The Russians, on the contrary, believed that the situation was not so static. Not only was the East German regime in grave difficulties, but its plight was being publicised to the world by the refugees, while West Germany was becoming economically dominant in Europe, rearmed and still psychologically committed to reunification. Bonn, the Russians seem convinced – and nothing the western journalists said shook their conviction – intends to work for the 1937 frontiers, and to do so actively as soon as it has secured nuclear weapons.

Matters were thus brought to a head by the combination of these two factors: the difficulties in East Germany came at the moment when West Germany seemed about to secure its own nuclear armoury. That is why the crisis has taken place this summer. The Russians could not permit another winter to pass without making an effort to deal with both aspects of the German problem. But the German problem could not be raised in isolation. It is the most sensitive point in the Cold War, and any settlement necessarily implies a reassessment of the world balance of power. This led, inevitably though lamentably, to the decision to resume nuclear tests.

This, I believe, was the Soviet reasoning behind the 'hard' line. It follows that any negotiations that develop this winter will see the Russians working for objectives which range from such local and immediate ends as some form of recognition of East Germany – by which the indefinite division of Germany would be accepted by the West – to their more far-reaching designs such as the prohibition of nuclear arms for either Germany, the revival of the Rapacki plan for disengagement, a non-aggression pact between Nato and the Warsaw Treaty states and various schemes of disarmament.

The events of August have in many ways made it much more difficult to negotiate successfully about any of these issues, but this seems a price the Russians were prepared to pay to get 'realistic' talks going at all. I hope the western journalists made them understand that it is a stiff price. I hope, too, though with less optimism, that they will fairly report our criticisms and suggestions to their readers as well as to their friends in the Kremlin.



A travelling man with a travelling mind, James Morris is like a jet and its sound, always one move ahead of where you look for him: not simply catching up with new events, but anticipating them. One day he cabled us from the Iceland 'fishing war', yet within 24 hours was on the spot in Algeria for the first military coup.

James Morris has written books – on Venice, on the Hashemite Kings, on Everest. A talented chap. Easy for us to build him up into a larger-than-life figure – The Guardian's Man on The Spot, a travelling storm-centre who creates news by being wherever he is.

But personality cults are against The Guardian's principles. Besides, they're so tiresome. Who cares, except perhaps Mrs Morris, whether James eats ravioli, wears pyjamas, went to Eton, approves/disapproves of state lotteries?

What matters about James Morris is what he writes. And what he writes is good. So we give him his head: here, we say, is your head – take it away and use it. With the result that a Morris despatch is no insipid, decaffeined hand-out of rabbit food, but the stimulating sharing of experience between one lively mind (like yours) with another lively mind (yours).

LIVELY MINDS LIKE

THE GUARDIAN

Living with the Enemy

ANTHONY STORR

It may be assumed that neither Russia nor the US wants war; for no state can really desire its own destruction. But each continues to menace the other with nuclear weapons in a manner which is utterly out of touch with reality and which increases the danger to both. For the more each threatens, the more inclined will each be to believe that the other is a dangerous lunatic who means to implement his threats. Neither side is yet behaving in terms of the new situation which the destructiveness of nuclear weapons has brought about. Both are continuing to adopt psychological attitudes which were appropriate only in the past when, however repulsive war might be, it was still possible to talk in terms of winning and losing.

In civilised countries the settlement of private quarrels by force has long been condemned as criminal folly; but in international disputes between these same countries force is still regarded as justifiable or even admirable. We have grown so accustomed to the inferiority of collective compared with individual morality that we do not even ask whether this double standard must always continue to prevail.

There are many reasons why it does so. One is that pre-nuclear war held many attractions for the majority of men. Man is an extremely aggressive animal; and although there is some dispute amongst psychologists about how far human aggression is the result of adverse early circumstances and how far it is an innate instinctive drive, all would agree that the majority of men contain their aggressiveness with difficulty and that, consciously or unconsciously, they perpetually seek outlets for its expression. For many men, the war brought release from tension, for it provided them with an enemy whom it was a duty to destroy and a heroic role with which to identify themselves. 'Righteous anger' is generally a deplorable emotion, but it is admittedly invigorating.

Moreover, war meant that most men no longer had to exercise the same degree of conscious decision that was required of them in peacetime. To be clothed, fed and directed by an authority who is presumed to know best has a strong appeal for more people than liberal intellectuals care to realise; and there were many who were glad to relinquish the strain of ordering their own lives and lose their individuality in the passive, collective obedience of the crowd. Individual moral choice requires a high level of consciousness.

It is also a relief, therefore, for most people to regress to a childish state of mind in which 'good' and 'evil' no longer march hand-in-hand as they do in all of us, but are widely separated, so that good appears to be wholly on one's own side and evil on that of the enemy. Anyone who turns for relaxation to a detective story or an old-fashioned Western film is familiar with the seduction of this kind of fantasy; and war makes it possible to act it out. We all like to play St George and the dragon, provided that we can be St George. But the real world is not like this; and it is childish and dangerous to pretend that it is.

Since men always look for scapegoats upon whom to project their own aggression, they are all too easily convinced that an opponent is a personification of evil rather than a man like one of themselves; and this conviction is the more easily implanted when the opponent is relatively unknown, as someone speaking a different language and professing a different ideology is bound to be. An important step, therefore, in the reduction of international tension would be the abandonment of the conventional policy of blackening one's opponent.

In other types of conflict, for instance in playing a game, we generally assume that our opponent is as intelligent and rational as ourselves, and that he is likely to make the same choices for the same reasons. And, as the game-theory experts maintain, the first step towards the resolution of international conflict must also be this 'assumption of similarity'. But it is a step which cannot be taken so long as each side continues to put out propaganda which portrays the other as wholly wrong and itself as wholly right.

Since, however, this is the normal practice of political leaders even in national politics, it is probably more difficult for them than for most other men to give it up. Politicians are, by their own natures, likely to view the world in terms of black and white. For the politician constantly reiterates one point of view to the exclusion of all others. He is expected to be immoderate; and, indeed, he needs enemies whom he can defeat, partly in order to convince his followers, and partly to convince himself. For every fanatic contains within him the seeds of secret doubt. Power-driven men tend to think in power-driven terms and are also likely to regard every exchange between opponents as a matter of defeat or victory, rather than as an opportunity for the skilful resolution of conflict in terms of mutual benefit.

Professor John Cohen, in a recent paper delivered at the 14th International Congress of Applied Psychology, points out the fact that politicians are self-selected. 'Professional politicians choose their career themselves, and, paradoxically perhaps, this very act of self-choice possibly demonstrates their unfitness for political leadership. . . . If a man, in effect, announces "I choose myself to lead you", might we not reply that he disqualifies himself by this very act of self-selection?' In another passage the author asks: 'Who are these men? In what respects do they differ from the common run? Are they as a class less doctrinaire, and freer from bias, self-seeking and desire for personal aggrandisement? Have they been vouchsafed a vision of the world, however dim and obscure, in which men can live at peace with each other?'

We do not know the answer to all these questions; but is it not possible that the contradiction by which force is condemned in private relations but so freely invoked in international affairs is partly due to the characters of men whose innate aggressiveness and ambition have brought them to positions of such power?

Paradoxically, the bilateral possession of nuclear weapons may force East and West to make a new kind of relation. Suppose that two schoolboys quarrel and, being unable to agree, decide to settle their differences by fighting. It is quite possible that one may harm the other severely; but it is unlikely that the damage will prove irreparable. But suppose that each boy has haemophilia, so that the slightest injury will cause him to bleed to death. No dispute, however grievous, can any longer be settled by violence: for each knows that the other, even if injured himself, will still have time to inflict a fatal blow.

Such a situation will inevitably bring about a change in the relation between the two boys. For one's attitude to an enemy who cannot be vanquished is bound to be different from one's attitude to an enemy who can. Pure enmity is an entirely negative and destructive emotion. But if an opponent cannot be destroyed, one is forced to accept the fact of his continuing effective existence; and such acceptance will contain the germ of a positive rather than a negative attitude towards him.

It may be dangerous to argue from personal to collective psychology; but one cannot help being impressed by the similarity of the international situation and the emotional problems of the individual.

Many people are plagued by enemies within themselves—murderous impulses, dishonest desires, sexual compulsions and other feelings which they both hate and fear. It is a great step forward when such people realise that they cannot get rid of such impulses, but can only transmute them. The individual has to learn to live with the parts of himself he deplores; but once he adopts this attitude, he finds to his surprise that what he had previously rejected has a positive value. His aggression, for instance, comes to subserve his desire for independence, and his infantile sexuality turns into an increased capacity for love. It is the attitude that the 'enemy' is utterly alien which, within the individual, leads to irreconcilable conflict; and it seems probable that the same is true in international politics.

London Diary

CHARON

Amused tolerance with a tinge of regret is the commonest reaction I've encountered among those who care about these things to the creation of the Earldom of Snowdon and the Viscountcy of Linley. (Why not Messel, Armstrong Jones's mother's maiden name and a good old Hungarian-Jewish one with associations of success in various fields, artistic and financial?) It really does seem rather a pity that our by no means unamiable royal family, having taken this perfectly eligible commoner to their bosom, thereby pulling off a bright stroke of public relations, should throw it all away by a leaden piece of regressive conventionalism.

* * *

We heard Nye Bevan's own voice only two or three times during the BBC's radio 'portrait' of him. Sometimes I wondered whether that oddly high note with which he conveyed irony might not be turned on some of the contributors. This was a fascinating if rather confusing programme. So very many voices; you might have been in the cave of the winds. Sometimes it was moving; sometimes you couldn't help feeling it was more instructive as a display of the egotism of politicians than a portrait: everybody so determined to be distinctive. Bob Boothby, as narrator, stole the show. (His voice on sound radio, divorced from his eupeptic image, sounds several notes deeper – a veritable organ. Were I Prime

Danish molecules dance an English jig

New landmarks are appearing on Copenhagen's waterfront. Soon after Christmas a valve will be opened in a pipeline from the Maersk refinery, which supplies the city with most of its gas, and a stream of ethylene will begin the intricate journey through compressors and reaction vessels that will transform it into one of the world's most versatile plastics: polythene. The high-pressure process that persuades the invisible molecules of an invisible gas to choose partners, link up in long chains and form a tough, resilient plastic, was discovered by I.C.I., Britain's leading chemical company; and today it is used to make most of the one million tons of polythene produced every year throughout the world. In Britain, Australia, Canada and India, I.C.I. and its subsidiary companies operate plants making 'Alkathene' polythene for everything from squeeze-bottles and nailbrushes to packaging film and cable insulation. In seven other countries, 14 manufacturers are licensed by I.C.I. to make polythene, and to build the new polythene plant in Copenhagen, I.C.I. has joined forces with the A. P. Møller Shipping Companies. Once again, I.C.I.'s mastery of mammoth pressures and capricious temperatures will make the molecules dance.

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ICI

Minister, I would make him read my speeches to the nation.) But he never tried to steal it from his subject. Indeed, apart from one rather overloaded tribute to Lloyd George, he ended by giving you the impression that he was fellow-travelling with Nye all the way. Clichés, apt to be the bane of these multiple tributes, had been weeded out. Even Earl Attlee seemed to be making a more original choice of words than usual. Gaitskell neatly turned a trick by suggesting that the 'desiccated calculating machine' reference might have been directed at Attlee, not at him. Some unexpected glimpses, such as John Buchan's account of Nye as art critic. Most unexpected turn of all was giving the last word to Hailsham who told us: 'In the long run we end by being taken at our own evaluation of ourselves.' I wonder what Nye would have said to that, and what his own evaluation of himself was.

* * *

Victor Gollancz, I am glad to say, is making a characteristically zestful recovery from the fractured femur which he got from his fall at the Trafalgar Square anti-nuclear demonstration. His room in University College Hospital is like a cross between a publisher's office and a bridge club. Gollancz, in plum-coloured pyjamas, was sitting up reading other firms' detective stories out of one eye and his own firm's manuscripts with the other. I have never encountered a more boisterous invalid. Inside 20 minutes he: passed various jacket proofs; sampled suitable sick-bed delicacies from Fortnum and Mason's, proffered by Mrs Gollancz to supplement the hospital diet, and quoted extensively from the Taoist mystics on the art of falling. He was, he told me, irked because he had failed to observe the precept of the Sage who remarked that if a drunken man could fall off a cart without hurting himself, how much more easily should a sober man be able to fall provided he was in touch with the infinite. He also managed to animadvert sharply on various inaccuracies, ideological and otherwise, in the writings of both Koestler and Orwell, and to congratulate the authors of *The Strategic Air Offensive Against Germany* on having exposed the inefficient brutality of saturation bombing. He assured me that he had personal knowledge that Churchill had been amazed to learn – only when the war was over – that his own orders countermanding saturation bombing well before Dresden had not been carried out.

* * *

The Chinese Chargé d'Affaires, who defies the accepted convention of celestial slenderness, by being well over six feet and nearly as broad as he is tall, was beaming like a full moon at his reception to mark the anniversary of the founding of the Chinese People's Republic. When somebody remarked on the number of Russian officers present, he gave an impressive, albeit elaborate, demonstration of the diplomatic retort courteous. 'Oh yes', he said, 'that is our fault. We'd specially invited them so that they could launch an offensive against your Labour Minister of Defence. We'd forgotten he would be at Blackpool.' This rather cryptic remark was interpreted to me as a reference to the famous dinner party during the Krushchev-Bulganin visit when George Brown let off his firework. The room in the Chinese Embassy at 49 Portland Place, where Sun Yat Sen was held a prisoner by the Manchu officials in 1896, and from which he managed to throw a note out of the window that alerted the British authorities who insisted on his release, is preserved as a kind of museum-shrine. I get the impression that the Chinese have never forgotten this last minute rescue and its demonstration of British libertarian tradition. As a piece of unwitting public relations it may even have gone a little way to offset the opium war.

* * *

Long before television boosted them into the public eye, I'd formed the opinion that probation officers were a profession apart. Your motives for wanting to become a detective, policeman, prison officer, surgeon, lawyer, clergyman may, conceivably, be dubious. The probation officer, who acts as a very much underpaid but highly responsible third force between the offender and the law, is unlikely to be influenced in choice of occupation by power-drives. My impression was confirmed last week-end at the national conference of probation officers at Leeds. As a body, they gave you a feeling of patient humanism that was distinctly encouraging. Their attitude towards the image of them which is projected in ATV's television series *Probation Officer* was, on the whole, forbearing. 'The trouble', said one, 'is that I never get a chance to look at the thing on television on Monday nights, but every Tuesday morning my probationers always expect me to perform like Philip Mayne. I only wish his script writer would stop him distributing so much largesse. This gives my probationers ideas which I can't possibly come up to'.

* * *

After the conference I had a long conversation with a probation officer in a northern industrial town. The fast girls in his town are divided into two groups: Scrubbies and Steadies. A Scrubby is a girl a young man has a one-night affair with. She is generally a factory worker. A Steady is a girl who has a long-distance affair with a member of a gang or group. If a Steady gets pregnant, there is a good chance that the young man will marry her. A Scrubby, on the other hand, has to look after herself. The Scrubby's status does not necessarily imply a slur on her job. It's simply that Scrubbies, as factory workers, mix with men on terms of a rough and ready sexual egalitarianism. This particular officer has at present 87 probationers on his list: ages ranging from ten to 80. A lot of his work, he told me, entailed making elaborate use of the local old-boy network, persuading local business men to give second chances. One most essential accomplishment is playing snooker. So long as he can beat the local CID, they respect him and co-operate to keep his most promising clients out of the dock.

* * *

Turn to the back page of this week's NS and let me introduce you to a new cartoonist, Donald Parker. He is very much a home product – north country. Aged 30, he has lived all his life in Wakefield, Yorkshire, where he now teaches in a Grammar school. Parker is slight, clean shaven, with pointed features under a forehead almost as impressively domed as that of Wells's Grand Lunar. He is animated and at the same time shy; ideas come out of him in fits and starts, like sparks. Like not a few cartoonists, Parker leads a quietly settled personal life. He is the only child of a railwayman, is married with two children. He has strong left-wing convictions and expresses all these, together with any stormy fantasies that may possess him, in his work. He tells you that Wakefield Cemetery, which is at the end of his road, plays a big part in his background. 'You have noticed', he says, 'how it's spreading. Soon we'll be surrounded by graves.' His fantasy inclines naturally to inversion; he turns rockets into corpses and likes to design elaborate trappings for the humblest people – a triumphal chair for the night watchman. He admits to being obsessed with the obsessional out-of-dateness of the Establishment. This probably accounts for his recurring vision of the nameless – as yet – toy woman with a ruff round her neck, who symbolises England. Parker begins his career as a cartoonist under traditionally fortunate auspices. His work has been rejected by several humorous magazines.

The London Magazine

October
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Cyril Connolly on *Art Nouveau* (illustrated); Malcolm Bradbury on *The Calendar of Modern Letters*; John Whiting on *The Plays of John Osborne*; Rex Warner on *Empson's God;* Stories by Evelyn Waugh and William Sansom; poems by Elizabeth Jennings and Philip Toynbee; Artur Schnabel on *My Student Days.*

Francis Wyndham discusses the work of V. S. Naipaul.

A year's subscription costs 45s. from The Shenval Press, 58 Frith Street, London W.1.

Edited by Alan Ross

This England

Prizes £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

A fisherman, Miles Johnson, of Bank Hook, Southport, said at an inquest there yesterday that he had seen a man walking fully clothed into the sea, but did not speak to him because 'in the past when I have warned people about danger, I've been told to mind my own business.' – *Guardian.* (D. A. Clarke.)

The Dartmoor prison debating society last week passed a resolution expressing the hope that the Conservative Party would be returned at the next General Election.

Other resolutions by the prisoners asked for a reintroduction of corporal punishment and hanging. . . . – *Observer.* (J. Wayland.)

Is it not a fairly precise illustration of our time that apparently four times more people have viewed the space formerly occupied by the Goya at the National Gallery than the portrait itself? – Letter in *Daily Telegraph.* (W. Baker.)

The Grand Old Man of Mexico

K. S. KAROL

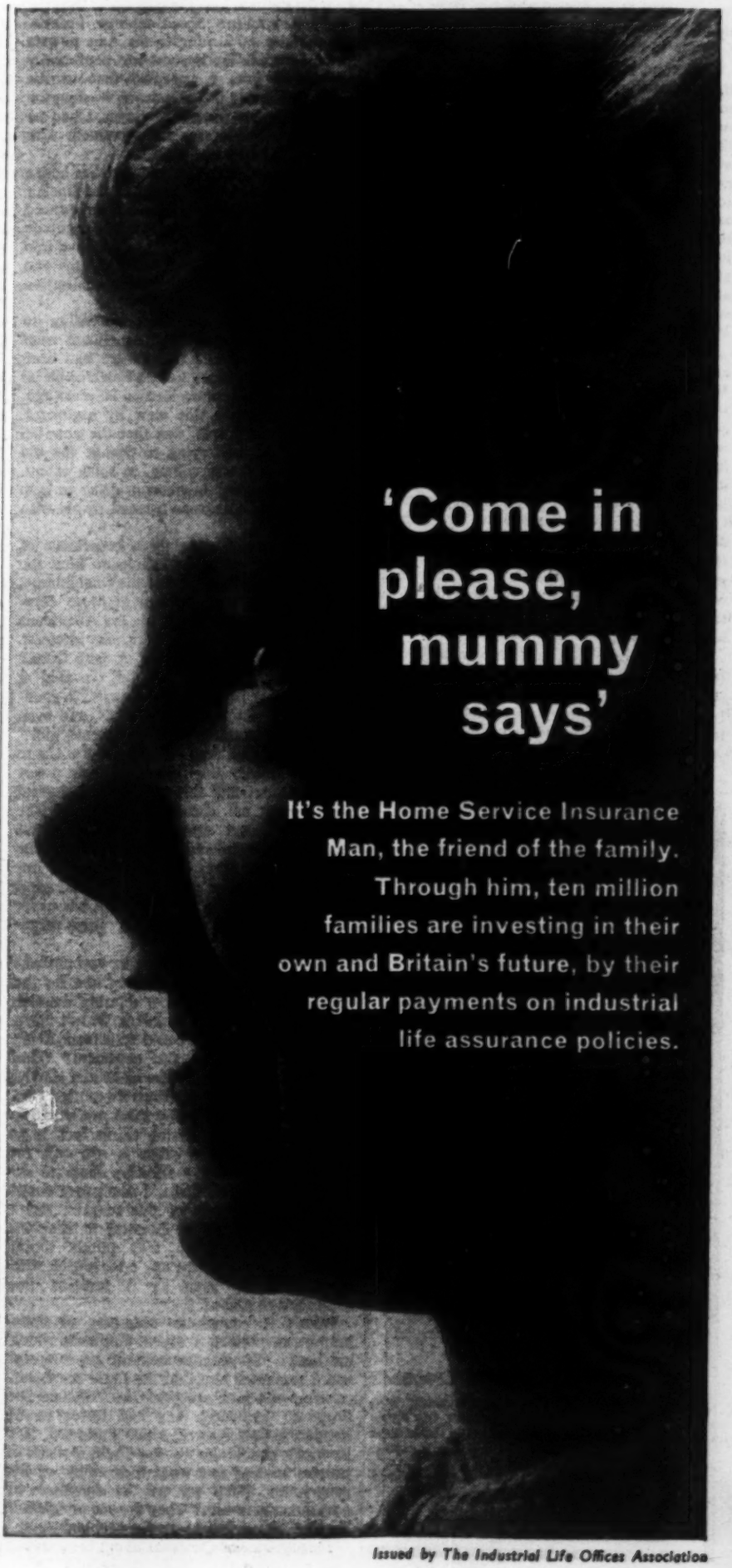
'I am an ordinary Mexican citizen and I have no particular qualifications to discuss my country's affairs with you.' With these words, General Cardenas opened our talk. I had just travelled over 600 miles by car across the mountain roads of Michoacan, because I'd been told in Mexico City that, in order to understand Latin America, I must at any cost see the famous ex-President. True, I had also been warned that Lazaro Cardenas was an exceptionally discreet man, celebrated for his ability to listen rather than for his eloquence. This is how I found him, at his ranch near Apatzingan, in the heart of the Indian country: taciturn, expressionless, young-looking and robust, despite his 65 years, with strong Indian traces in his features. I felt I should get little out of him.

Then I mentioned Fidel Castro, and immediately Cardenas came to life. He listened attentively to what I had to say and asked questions. It is a fact that, since he left power when his term of office ended in 1940, Cardenas has re-entered the political arena only once: to express his support for the Cuban revolution. He has resumed his tours of the Mexican villages – where he is still known as *Papa Lazaro* – in order to explain to the peasants the significance of Cuba; and last March he organised a conference attended by *Fidelistas* from throughout the Latin American continent.

I told him that, in the US, he is regarded as Castro's most formidable ally and severely criticised in the press. 'Not for the first time,' he said, with a dismissive wave of the hand. I then recounted to him a conversation I had had in Washington with a Kennedy aide, who told me that the US was not opposed to revolutions or nationalisation: they were against the Castro regime simply because it was Communist – otherwise, they would have accepted it with good grace just as, before the war, they had accepted the Mexican revolution. Cardenas put his cup of coffee down slowly, then signalled to his son to re-translate my last sentence: he could not believe his ears. Then, still maintaining his reserved manner, he said:

'I don't like to drag up the past. I never speak of my experiences in office. But if they tell you that the nationalisation of US firms in Mexico was accepted with good grace by the Americans, then I am forced to tell you the truth, as I and my country know it. I had no intention, when I came to power, to expropriate the oil companies. I thought, and I still think, the land reform to be the biggest problem in Mexico. But I had made it possible for trade unions to organise themselves and passed legislation for the benefit of the urban workers.

'The oil companies refused to apply these laws or to negotiate agreements with the unions. The workers wanted to strike. I asked them to be patient, because I didn't want the oil industry, which was central to our economy, brought to a standstill. The dispute was brought before an arbitration tribunal, which found for the unions. The oil companies turned a deaf ear, and appealed to the Supreme Court of Mexico. When this, in turn, found against them, the companies simply declared that they were not accustomed to


'Come in please, mummy says'
It's the Home Service Insurance Man, the friend of the family. Through him, ten million families are investing in their own and Britain's future, by their regular payments on industrial life assurance policies.
Issued by The Industrial Life Offices Association

taking orders from Mexican courts. Only after this flagrant violation of our sovereignty did I decide to nationalise the oil industry.

'The companies were well aware of the risks they were taking. They knew that the immense majority of Mexicans approved the speech I made on 18 March 1938. But they relied on their protectors in Washington and London and they wanted a showdown. They were not entirely wrong. Although Roosevelt was the champion of the 'Good Neighbour' policy, and his ambassador, Daniels, was my friend, the US sent us a kind of ultimatum demanding the payment *in toto* of compensation for all expropriated assets – including lands affected by the agrarian reform – and they suspended, provisionally, purchases of Mexican silver at preferential rates.

'I agreed to pay down to the last cent. After my appeal to the public, even the poorest Mexicans made personal contributions towards the payment of our debts. But the oil companies did not want our money. They wanted to keep their property. In the US they financed a ferocious press-campaign. Believe it or not, in those days the US press presented us in exactly the same light as they present Castro today. Even the serious newspapers described me as a thief. Congressmen stated that Mexico was bankrupt and that my promises to pay compensation were valueless. Many Americans demanded military intervention. It was not a matter of political ideologies, simply a sordid dispute about cash.

'The oil companies told us cynically that they would drown us in our own petrol. They said they would prevent us from selling it and from buying US and British exports. These threats were soon followed by acts, and our situation became desperate. All my life, I have been a determined anti-Fascist. I was the first to help Republican Spain against Franco. Thus, the idea of turning to the Axis powers in order to break the boycott was profoundly repugnant to me. I appealed first to the French. But under pressure from Washington and London, they turned me down. I had no other choice but to sign an agreement with Hitler and sell him our oil.

'A few weeks after German supplies began to reach us, General Pat Hurley of the Sinclair Oil Company came to see me and announced that the companies were prepared to negotiate about compensation. Now I think I have told you enough for you to understand how and why the US came to accept the nationalisation of the Mexican oil industry.'

I need scarcely add that, according to Cardenas, 'Cuba is what the Americans want it to be'. He was sure that Castro had been the victim of pressures just as indefensible as those brought to bear on Mexico 20 years ago. I decided to probe this view by argument. My impression, I said, was that the new US administration was trying to change the old methods, that it was willing, to some extent, to sacrifice business interests in order to help Latin America. Cardenas listened to me with an ironic smile.

'Fidel Castro is certainly a benefactor of our continent,' he said. 'Thanks to him, the Americans have realised that their neighbours are poor! But the problem is more complicated than that. You tell me the Americans are ready to sacrifice their business interests. Then why don't they make it up with Cuba? Castro has always said – he repeated it recently – that he is ready to establish good-neighbourly relations with the US, and even to pay compensation. Then why refuse him?'

I replied that it was difficult for the US to accept so openly the failure of their policy towards Cuba; that this was a psychological rather than an economic problem. The General did not agree: 'You know, we Mexicans have suffered a good deal from the US. They took from us practically half our territory. We have plenty of psychological reasons for opposing them, but this has never prevented us from establishing good neighbourly relations.'

All right, I conceded, seeing he was unshakable on this point; let us forget Cuba for the moment. The US was now offering massive economic aid to Latin America. Wasn't this a positive gesture which could transform living standards throughout the continent? 'One helps only one's friends', he answered slowly, 'and to be a friend there must be mutual confidence. But do you really think we trust the US? What they are asking us, in fact, is to accept their money – which is still only on paper – in return for allowing them to do what they like with Cuba. I don't care about the economic aspects of this bargain. But I know that it would be immoral to abandon a small sister-republic. For purely moral reasons, I would decline any cooperation with Washington so long as it remains unreconciled to Cuba.'

Wasn't it sometimes necessary to compromise in politics, I asked. Cardenas shook his head: 'We cannot commit an immoral act'. I reminded him that the Latin American governments had accepted the Alliance for Progress: evidently they had lower moral standards. Cardenas remained unmoved. 'Mr Kennedy should go to the Latin American peoples to find out what they think of his programme. What use are the signatures of governments to him? They are meaningless if they are not endorsed by the peoples.'

Finally, I asked Cardenas about the growing opposition among Latin Americans towards the Castro regime. I'd been told that the church in Mexico, which has deep roots in the country, had placed itself at the head of the anti-Castro campaign since he embarked on anti-clerical measures. 'True', he said. 'But the church does not distribute land. No doubt our peasants are firm believers, but they know that it will not be the bishops who will put through a new land reform here. On the other hand, everyone here knows that Castro has successfully carried through a fundamental land reform and that the lot of the Cuban peasants has been improved to a degree without precedent in Latin America. Don't be surprised if, travelling through Mexico, you find the peasants carrying the Virgin of Guadeloupe – and shouting "Long Live the Cuban Revolution!" at the same time.'

But wouldn't religion, I asked, act as a barrier against Communism – with which *Fidelismo* was increasingly identified? Cardenas asked in reply: 'What does Communism signify in Latin America? Is it Communism to create agricultural cooperatives? Or to trade with Russia? All this talk about Communism is the reflection of a US obsession – or serves as a simple excuse to block the struggle of the Latin Americans against political and economic imperialism.'

So our long talk ended. While he walked with me to my car, Cardenas repeated that agrarian reform and the stabilisation of raw material prices in relation to manufactured products were the chief problems of Latin America. As for the US, it was simple: if America made it up with Cuba, Latin Americans would regard it as proof that Washington had decided to respect the political and economic sovereignty of her neighbours within the hemisphere. Then everything would be possible.

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Barrie & Rockliff

The New Shed

NAOMI MITCHISON

The MacKinnons up the glen have a handsome new shed, a Dutch barn with one side open, made of shining corrugated iron. No doubt it would be a lot nicer, in a way, if it were Cotswold stone or Warwickshire timber framing and plaster. But at least it looked what it was, something which I myself increasingly needed.

At first I had thought merely in terms of replacement for my oldest shed. But, between Lachlan persuading me and myself thinking it over, and above all after some consideration of grants under the Farm Improvement Scheme, I decided to go ahead and get a Dutch barn which would do for the hay. This would mean more shed space for the calves. But it would also mean that the ricks could come in straight from the field; there would be no making of stacks with the slowing down as one gets to the top. There would not be the extra labour of cutting rushes and thatching with them, nor the difficulty of an old stack getting blown out of shape, losing its thatch and wasting.

But there was a lot to do before I got my shed. I had to decide how big it was to be and how it was to face. First of all I had thought of a square, facing towards my present range of sheds, which might have made a kind of sheltered yard for the beasts. But Lachlan reminded me that this would mean that the open side would face west, into our prevailing storm and rain wind. Better for it to face north, where it would get the shelter

of the hill; we don't have very much rain from the north anyhow. It would have to be on the flat, and not too much over the old stone condy, that drains off the hill water into our elaborate system of underground land drains.

The Glasgow contractor, A. & J. Main, sent down their representative, a nice, solid man who explained things slowly so that simple farming types like me, who get badly at sea over specifications, understood exactly – or not exactly, perhaps, but reasonably well – what had to be done. For we had decided to lay the foundations ourselves, so that Main's men would have to do only the erecting. We have plenty of sand and gravel on the beach, and Davie Oman at the pier had offered to lend us his concrete mixer.

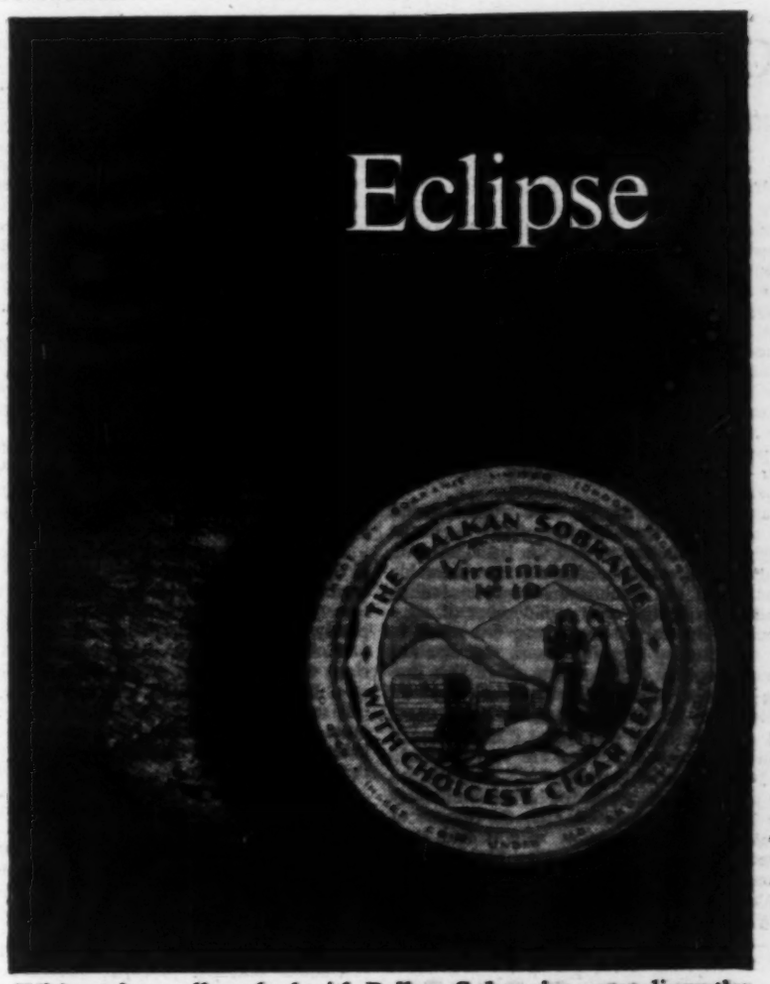
We had decided to have three bays of 15 feet each; it looked a lot paced out on the grass, but less would have been silly. Then I filled in the form asking for my proposed improvement to be approved; we couldn't go ahead till I got that. I called it an All-purpose Shed, for I had visions of tucking the pigs or perhaps a couple of calves into the end of one bay. Or, for that matter, quite a lot of things which now lie about could be kept there tidily. In time I was approved and we could start on the concrete.

The apparently level ground proved to be oddly unlevel, but earth from one end went on to the other. There were two layers of concrete, the second one raising the floor of the shed a little above ground level. Colin and Eddie worked on this with the borrowed concrete mixer, and at last it was ready for the erectors, who worked hard and quickly, joking down from the high steel cross pieces while they bolted the roof sections together. At the end it seemed very large and shining.

Then I had to fill in the form asking for the grant to be paid. The form was not, as a matter of fact, at all difficult, for the whole thing had been agreed. But it looked as if it was. I made the calculations on the basis of standard costs for our own work, plus the cost of the shed. On this, in time, I hope to get a grant of one third. The building itself cost £440; our own work and materials were valued at £130 15s. I don't know exactly what my labour costs were. The cement, bought through the Kintyre farmers' co-operative, cost £34 4s.; but it's a bit hard to estimate the cost of labour, when it is often in half days, and always stopped early for Colin to feed the hens. Matthew, our local joiner, who does things for all the village (many of whom are related to him), had helped to measure out; then there was Davie's cement mixer, my own mental wear-and-tear on forms and so on. I think I did quite well.

Still, it was a pleasure to start putting in; the tractor, with a pike on the fork-lift behind it, looking a bit like a lady with a bustle, buzzed up and down from the field. We shall need, I think, to put down a few loads of gravel to firm up the ground outside, where the tractor tyres have already squelched deep into the mud.

Of course it might stop raining for a few days and then the mud might harden up. But the rain is on again. Another fine day and we could clear up the field and let the young beasts on to the foggage, the lush autumn grass with thick red clover in it from the seed mixture. Another fine day . . . in fact we shall need two, for the pikes are soaking again. In the middle distance the boy scouts go dripping across their camping ground; their poor camp fire is out; and the caravanners huddle like chickens with a fine view of the rains.



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THE CORRUPT ESTABLISHMENT

SIR, – Less than ten years ago the novelists and dramatists who were said to constitute the Angry Young Men Club came to prominence in England. Since then most of them have disclaimed this label (possibly because it proved too burdensome a load to carry along with a mounting bank-balance), some vociferously, others merely by slipping out when no one was looking. It is worth recollecting that these young men stormed into the world of letters not so much because of their intrinsic artistic brilliance but rather because they tried to break the set conventions and petty bourgeois morals around which society seemed to be pivoted. Today, with one possible exception, none of them is any longer concerned with attacking the *ancien régime*.

Imagine my surprise therefore when I found with my latest issue of *Encounter* a leaflet carrying an invitation to join the Establishment, a club which would attack all the venerable institutions of the Establishment, not excluding, I fondly hoped, that most stolid pillar of all – the public. But this it seems was too much to hope for. Sunday morning found the dignified *Observer* carrying a front page ad of this fire-eating monster which was actually to send all Establishment personnel rolling on the ground.

All very well. But perhaps at this juncture it is worthwhile to ask, 'Who are the Establishment? What exactly is under fire?' Recently, on being returned a piece which I had sent a literary agent in London, I wanted, after the manner of incurable idealists, to know why it had been rejected. I was told '. . . nothing like that will sell today, no matter how well it's written. It doesn't matter what you say or how you say it but WHO says it. If you are a big name anything you say goes and you're even paid for it. But try and write something snappy and I'll find a place for you.'

This reaction was possibly a commercial one, even a little cynical. But it does lend support to a feeling which I've had ever since I came to this island. English society is obviously outgrowing the traditional class cleavages that once made the notion of the Establishment such a valid one. Once it was natural to assume that the son of a peer would steadfastly support all the prevailing conventional ideas of morality, economics and politics, while the bootmaker's son would equally violently oppose them. Today this particular division is no longer quite so apparent.

Instead of heredity controlling the ranging of forces, today it is sheer economics, or to put it even more bluntly, money. As soon as a man builds up a certain bank-balance, he begins to be lionised. He is allowed the hospitality of all literary and journalistic columns, is hunted by press photographers, seduced by the TV and made a hero of by the public in general. In short, irrespective of his beliefs in any sphere, he becomes a figure of the Establishment.

True, even now some kind of sanity prevails. If the man makes the money by selling contraceptives or shoelaces, he is politely kept out of literary quarters – commercial wealth acquired purely by commercial means still carries a certain odium. But wealth there must be. A news story only carries life when, while talking even of a brilliant playwright, one can add 'he had just moved into his £10,000 villa'. Few of the more sober critics realise that the story would have been quite flat had the drama taken place in a £3-a-week room.

This brings me to my point. We have been witnessing the spectacle of a great part of the world going America-wise in its scheme of values for some time. The coffee bars and the Wimpys came and need have caused no alarm. But the English world of letters going the same way is a cause for mourning. At the end of a letter in your last issue, an editorial reply says of the Lord Mayor of London, 'his office is a largely ceremonial one, the principal qualification for which is commercial wealth'. Irony indeed, perhaps not a little of which has been lost on those who phrased the sentence.

I come from a country where at the moment the danger of Communism is a real one, but I would much rather live in a 1984 than in a world overrun by America.

Perhaps it is just as well to explain my own class set-up to your readers in case . . . I work as a kitchen porter in a departmental store in London not because it is pleasant work but because it is all I can get.

SASTHI BRATA

22 Longridge Road
SW5

SIT DOWN

quietly, somewhere safe and read the tragic story of those who survived a fate which daily threatens us — Robert Jungk calls them the

Children of the Ashes

the people of Hiroshima

This profoundly moving document, which shows the moral disintegration that followed the physical, is "a unique contribution to the literature of human disaster" (*Charles Curran, Spectator*) and "the most sensitive and the most penetrating and the most moving" (Rt. Hon. Philip J. Noel-Baker, M.P.) of all books on the death and renaissance of Hiroshima. **HEINEMANN** (illus.) 25/-

THE POLICE AT MIDNIGHT

SIR, – My wife and I were among supporters of the Committee of 100 still sitting in Trafalgar Square after midnight. We were both seized without warning, flung in opposite directions and I was told, in four-letter idiom, to go home. I had lost sight of my wife and after being picked up and heaved around a few more times I managed to regain my original place and observe the mêlée for a moment. I saw one policeman approach an inert man and deliver two well-aimed kicks to his ribs. Demonstrators of all ages and both sexes were being thrown all over the place, told to asterisk off and not come back. I was next dragged by my feet the diagonal of the Square on my back at express speed, carted up the steps and thrown into the gutter below the National Gallery, hundreds of yards from the nearest police van, where almost immediately a young girl landed on top of me. I made another attempt to rejoin the demonstration and rejoined the gutter. I then went to the nearest phone box and put through a report on what was happening to the Press Association. Shortly afterwards, spotting my wife inside a police van, I sat down behind it and was very reluctantly arrested.

The behaviour of the police, once the television cameras and the last clergyman had gone home, had a perfectly rational explanation. They entirely shared the anxiety of the Authorities to keep arrests down to the absolute minimum. The individual copper making a late arrest faced a sleepless night, with no relief from duty till his charge made his or her appearance in Court at an unpredictable hour the next day. The tactics used to discourage us from arrest were those of blunt intimidation. All things considered they were remarkably unsuccessful.

GEOFFREY FRAMPTON

37 Exeter Street
WC2

We have received a number of similar letters complaining of police violence after midnight.

SLICKEY RIDES AGAIN

SIR, – Francis Williams leaps pompously enough to the defence of John Osborne, but however much one may disbelieve the press accounts it is difficult to accept the picture of an outraged victimised and innocent playwright which Mr Williams conjures up. No one likes the world of Paul Slickey but on the whole the people who feature regularly in his columns – and Mr Osborne is now one of them, now that anger is fashionable – have done something to deserve the scrutiny of his sleazy eye. Mr Osborne's musical, if I remember rightly, attacked not only Slickey but also those whose antics provided him with his material.

STUART HARRIS

18 Cheyne Row
SW3

COMMERCIAL TV STANDARDS

SIR, – In your front page editorial you say that commercial TV is unrivalled in its screening of soap opera, quiz games and variety shows. This is untrue, unless it means unrivalled in badness, as a viewing of these shabby dramas, banal panel games and stale variety shows would demonstrate.

Worse, this remark shows that you have no real concern for the quality of entertainment offered by these media. The connection between cultural experience and political thinking is an important one but more complicated than you allow. The quality of art and entertainment and the values embodied in these forms are a more significant and pervasive influence than the factual distortions of news reporting.

Discussion of this has been an important part of New Left thinking and until the Left in general learns from it and begins to understand the relationship between culture and politics it will not be in a position to produce a policy for the communication media.

PADDY WHANNEL

1 Cambalt Road
Putney
SW15

TROUBLE IN THE HIGHLANDS

SIR, – As a Mull landowner it is my duty to point out serious misstatements (some might say libellous) which your Special Correspondent has made in your issue of 22 September. To say that absentee sporting proprietors are directly responsible for the planned ruination of great areas in Mull is a highly inaccurate statement. Mull carries many more sheep per 1,000 acres than the general average throughout the Highlands. There is very little sport in Mull. No grouse, partridges or pheasants, a few deer and some sea-trout fishing. My estate of Benmore used to be famous deer ground, but now you could walk miles over the hills and never see a deer. The deer used to provide more employment than the sheep do today.

The reason that there are so few tenant farmers

in Mull is that rents are entirely uneconomic owing to the high cost of repairs due to the incessant gales and rain. Any farms I have let are at 1s to 2s per ewe. The minimum economic rent as the Department of Agriculture can inform you is 10s per ewe. To be a landowner in Mull you must be prepared for every £1 of rent you receive to lose £9. It is not therefore surprising that the average proprietor has no option but to farm the land himself.

It is true that there are some houses going into disrepair, but these houses are in lonely glens where it is impossible today to get an employee to live. The Department of Agriculture in Mull has had experience of this. You cannot return Mull to the early 19th century when 10,000 people lived in the island on the barest subsistence level. With the present high standard of living prevailing today the island can never support more than a fraction of its former population. The land is too poor.

I know of no landowner who has discouraged holiday-makers or hikers. As owner of the highest hill, Benmore, I have many hikers climbing on my land. I defy the 'retired senior Scottish civil servant' to produce one hiker who has ever been discouraged by myself or my employees from hiking on my land. This notwithstanding the fact that any little sport remaining (and on which I am taxed) can of course be ruined by hikers. As for land-owners not wishing a car-ferry service from Oban to Craignure – that is complete nonsense. I imagine there are very few landowners who would object to a development that automatically increased the value of their land.

Like so many vociferous critics of today I have no doubt that your Special Correspondent has no practical experience of the problems he or she is voicing an opinion on. I also feel it a pity that the mystery 'retired senior Scottish civil servant', whom your correspondent quotes, did not have the courtesy or wisdom to ascertain the views of the landowners before criticising them. A lack of justice which one does not expect from a senior civil servant and which from my experience is quite alien to senior members of that profession.

MASSEREENE & FERRARD

Knock
Isle of Mull

GUIDES

SIR, – Mr Gross takes so sweepingly unfavourable a view of the last volume of the *Pelican Guide to English Literature, The Modern Age*, that I should be grateful to be allowed a comment.

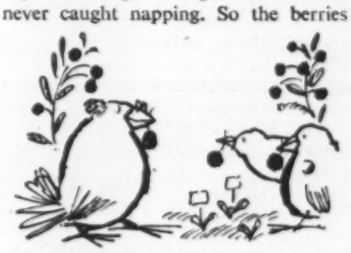
If, as Mr Gross believes, the chapters on the major writers are made up of 'second-hand opinions' and 'stale quotations', will he tell us where one can read the *first*-hand versions of, for example, Douglas Brown's particular analysis of Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* or of W. W. Robson's summing-up of Lawrence's *Women in Love*, of Graham Martin's account of Yeats' later poems or L. G. Salingar's condensed evaluation of Eliot's *Gerontion*? I would challenge Mr Gross to show that these four rather delicately balanced assessments (and they seem to me typical) simply reproduce fashionable or even familiar 'opinions'. But having said this, I would add that a *Guide* in seven volumes does not set out to produce 'new opinions' on the whole range of literature; for the most part it is concerned to draw critically on the best that has been thought and written, so as to help the contemporary reader explore literature for himself.

Mr Gross then complains that we have not given enough space to the 'Lesser writers' (from Beerbohm to Golding), and suggests somewhat inconsequentially that we would have done better to give this inadequate ration of space to historians, philosophers and sociologists instead. But more on lesser writers means less on major writers: does Mr Gross suggest that one can write a critical guide to James or Lawrence, to Eliot or Yeats in appreciably fewer than 5,000-6,000 words? And what critical guidance would the volume offer if it did not attempt to establish these and a few other major writers as the

THE GILDED CAGE

an economic fable

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a wise old bird who laid nest-eggs. People brought him their berries and he took them in his beak and flew off into the forest. There—for he was a wise old bird and knew the forest well—he planted them. And there, in due course, they sent up shoots. The wise old bird tended these shoots carefully. He watched them and watered them. He perched day and night on a neighbouring branch and was never caught napping. So the berries



grew into berry-bushes. Very productive berry-bushes. And when winter arrived the same people came to him—and he gave them back their berries and more besides. And this way there were always berries, winter and summer, for the people who cared to come to the wise old bird. And this was how he laid his nest eggs.

Then the Keeper of the forest came to see the wise old bird. "This can't go on!" he said. "Why not?" said the wise old bird. "I've been doing it for two hundred years and everyone seems quite happy." —"But I'm not happy," said the Keeper. "It's untidy, that's what it is. There you go, planting your berry bushes all over the forest. Never a thought as to where they'll look best."—"I think of where they'll *grow* best," said the wise old bird. The Keeper wasn't listening. "It's just plain selfish," he cried indignantly. "You never think of trying to keep the forest

with everything in balance—every branch with a creeper, every creeper with a branch."—"I go to a lot of trouble to keep it in the best state for growing berry bushes," said the wise old bird. "And that's good for everyone, not just the people who save their berries and bring them to me to plant, instead of eating them at once."

But the Keeper wouldn't listen. He went and got an expensive gilded cage, and put the wise old bird into it. He was still allowed out to plant berry bushes, but only with an Under-Keeper to see that he planted them in officially approved places. The wise old bird knew that many of these weren't good for growing berry bushes. But there was nothing he could do. And he thought it

was unfair to the people who saved their berries and brought them to him that what they saved should now be used simply for keeping the forest tidy, instead of for growing lots of berries for winter time. But there was still nothing he could do.

And the winter came, and there weren't enough berries to go round. And the people blamed the wise old bird. "Next time," they said, "we won't bother to bring our berries to *him*." And they didn't. They ate them instead.

The Keeper didn't like this, but there was nothing he could do about it. He couldn't watch every mouth in the forest

to see if it was munching at the wrong moment or not. And no berry bushes were planted, and the forest suddenly began to look much more untidy than before.

And the winter after that everyone went hungry, including the wise old bird, the Under-Keeper and the Keeper himself.

MORAL:

You can break a lot of nest-eggs and still not make an omelette.

• • • • •

ISSUED BY THE LIFE OFFICES' ASSOCIATION, LONDON—AND ASSOCIATED SCOTTISH LIFE OFFICES, EDINBURGH.

touchstones which alone enable one to appraise the minor writers? Whatever its faults, the *Guide* is not offered as a piece of inflated weekend journalism.

BORIS FORD

Sheffield

MILTON'S GOD

SIR, – I am anxious to explain myself on a point raised in the otherwise very friendly review of my book by Mr Alvarez. He thought that Empson 'is scarcely concerned with the poetic texture' of *Paradise Lost*, being just a quaint old lunatic quarrelling with God. It is true that I did not answer the adverse textual analyses of parts of the poem which have been made in recent times; but I think that this was wholly unnecessary, and would only have given my book a tiresomely nagging feeling, because the analyses simply do not understand what the poet meant. To explain what he meant is enough to refute them without further detail. On the other hand, in trying to estimate how serious Milton was in one of his opinions, I regularly made the criterion how good the poetry was in which he expressed it. I did not give reasons for thinking that one bit of the poetry was better than another, even so far as I could have done; but I was not unconcerned with the question, because I made it all along the basis for judgments about what the poet meant.

WILLIAM EMPSON

BRIDES OF UNREASON

SIR, – An extraordinary smugness is revealed in Mr Edward Lucie-Smith's disapproval of Thomas Blackburn for liking the poetry of Dylan Thomas, George Barker and Vernon Watkins, and trying to 'undo singlehanded the revolution which took place in English poetry in the Fifties'. What revolution could Mr Lucie-Smith have meant? Was he thinking of the establishment of that 'neutral tone' which, very briefly, threatened to impose a uniform drabness on English poetry? That, at best, was a restoration of minor modes, not a revolution; and it was quietly put to sleep by its own originators, without Mr Blackburn's 'singlehanded' opposition.

Instead of smearing Mr Blackburn with that faded old tag 'romantic', Mr Lucie-Smith should have proved his own superiority to the 'shoddy and disingenuous' character of Mr Blackburn's book 'as a piece of pamphleteering' – which it was never intended to be – by conveying some idea of Blackburn's peculiar premisses; these are not 'romantic', whatever that may mean, but psychological and existential, and they provide a solid basis for all his judgments and preferences. By failing to show any awareness of this consistency of Blackburn's approach, it is Mr Lucie-Smith who has subordinated the business of criticism to the preoccupations of a pamphleteer.

MICHAEL HAMBURGER

Reading

SIR, – How distinguished to be assailed by Dr Davie and Mr Hamburger, whose letter I have been shown, at one and the same time! Mr Hamburger first. Oughtn't he, perhaps, to declare his interest in Mr Blackburn's book, as Mr Blackburn acknowledges his help in a preface? And oughtn't he to try and answer my main points – first that Mr Blackburn's approach is sometimes highly disingenuous, especially with regard to Auden? And second that it is highly dangerous to abandon utterly the effort to be objective about poetry? My basic verdict on Mr Blackburn's book was that people who don't believe in criticism shouldn't write it. I'm sticking to that.

Next, Dr Davie. I'm grateful for the amount of space which he gave my book of poems last week – but I wish I thought it was being discussed for its own merits or demerits and not as the measure of Dr Davie's conversion. For what it's worth, I've never thought of myself as a Movement poet or especially pro-Larkin. While Dr Davie, however much he may now wish us to forget it, was once a Movement poet himself. It is, of course, true, as Dr Davie says, that one of my poems is a reply to Larkin. Didn't it occur to him that I might have adopted Larkin's manner deliberately and in cold blood, to make my point plainer? Dr Davie even manages to misread what he praises. My poem *Take Count Then, Sir* is about loss of religious faith, not about writing poetry.

To be blunt, I would be more willing to kiss the rod if I knew what Dr Davie's positive standards were in poetry. Looking through his recent reviews to see what he *does* approve, I find his most enthusiastic praise goes to a book of Imagist poems in a mode which I believe was invented by a Greenwich Village writer named Alfred Kreymborg 40 years ago (he called them *Mushrooms*). A taste for this kind of tired *avant garde* stuff, plus a cranky obsession with the sins of the Movement, hardly add up to a critical position one can feel much respect for.

EDWARD LUCIE-SMITH

RABBIT, RUN

SIR, – I hope that Mr Frank McGuinness's 'sour-tasting' review of Mr John Updike's *Rabbit, Run* will not scare NS readers away from this fine novel.

It is a travesty to state that such a careful stylist as Mr Updike has a 'racy talent'. There are echoes of Fitzgerald and O'Hara (at their best), and the influence of Joyce is obviously very strong; but readers of Mr Updike's earlier works will know that he has a very strong voice of his own. To talk of 'aphrodisiacal slush' and 'a wearying round of . . . interminable sex' when reviewing a book of this calibre indicates a considerable lack of comprehension.

A. W. MUSK

48 Parkway
NW1

IN all the world of distress today the Algerians are the greatest sufferers. Apart from the 250,000 Refugees in Tunisia and Morocco there are over two millions imprisoned in Regroupment Camps. This number is about one fifth of the total population. Shelter, food and medicine are inadequate. Reports speak of tiny children lying on the earth without clothes or covering.

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(B) . . . to give each child a cup of milk a day we require 300 litres, we only have 10 litres.
(C) . . . all they have in this bitter weather is a ragged shirt and they have no blankets.
(D) . . . nothing but barley bread and when that is gone they eat acorns.
(E) . . . after the acorns were finished they ate grass.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Patterns of Revolt

ANTHONY CROSLAND

'Perhaps the most marked characteristic of English civilisation', George Orwell once wrote, 'is its gentleness. You notice it the instant you set foot on English soil. It is a land where the bus conductors are good-tempered and the policemen carry no revolvers. Everyone takes it for granted that the law, such as it is, will be respected, and feels a sense of outrage when it is not'.

Twenty years after this was written, crimes of violence by the 14-21 age group have increased nearly fifteen-fold. This increase seems only one reflection of a general spread of youthful lawlessness. Throughout the 1950s there were recurrent outbreaks of organised gang warfare and brutality, of which the most sensational was the Notting Hill race riot of 1957. But it was not the last – only recently Middlesbrough was the scene of a violent mass flare-up. What was particularly disturbing was the element of callous, pointless cruelty – the *wanton* destruction of youth clubs and cafés, the beating-up of inoffensive black men or bystanders.

True, the problem is only a minority one; most teenagers are by any odds more mature and purposeful than ever before – witness the extraordinary increase in the numbers voluntarily staying on at school. True, also, it is not confined to Britain; the 1950s saw an outbreak of youthful delinquency everywhere – the *blousons noirs* in France, the *halbstarken* in Germany, hooligans in Russia, street gangs in New York. Yet the minority appears to be (though this is in dispute) much larger than before the war; and in gentle, law-abiding England the brutality was worse than in 'lawless' continental countries. And it came as a particularly poignant shock to liberals, who had traditionally equated crime with poverty and bad housing: the new violence, on the contrary, seemed actually a product of prosperity.

T. R. Fyvel is the latest writer to seek an answer to this paradox.* His is an admirable book – balanced, humane, perceptive and thorough; it deserves a far wider circulation than such highly-publicised pieces of nonsense as Mr Paul Goodman's *Growing Up Absurd*. Mr Fyvel writes about teenagers as a self-confessed outsider; he has not steeped himself in teenage culture like (for example) Mr Colin MacInnes. But this perhaps gives him an advantage in objectivity. He can admire the younger generation as a whole, recognising that it is growing up most unabsurd, while yet detesting the brutality of the minority. Remembering the savage, hard hatred of Notting Hill and Middlesbrough, typically directed against minorities, the detestation is as necessary as the sympathy.

But it is not always forthcoming. Some writers (Mr Goodman is an example) who are themselves in emotional revolt against society identify with any group, however violent, which is similarly in revolt. This search for allies was conspicuous in the reaction of some left-wing writers to the character of Arthur Seaton in *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*. 'Cruel and anti-social, but we're on his side', exclaimed *Tribune* in its review of the film. Now Arthur Seaton's rebellious anarchism has a compulsive charm; moreover one should try to understand what has caused it. But he is not a youthful Kropotkin, thoughtfully weighing up the values of 'contemporary society; and his behaviour to individuals – not just to the 'system' – is callous and brutal. One wonders which side he would have been on at Notting Hill. This failure to distinguish between attractive nonconformity and aimless cruelty betrays a lack of moral seriousness and responsibility (probably encouraged by the obsessive terror amongst English intellectuals of ever seeming priggish). It also shows a terrifying unawareness of how slender a defence protects even a democratic country from pogroms and mob violence.

Mr Fyvel, while recognising that juvenile crime often has specific causes such as broken homes or low intelligence, nevertheless seeks a wider explanation which will account for the increase during the 1950s. He believes that as an authoritarian, bourgeois culture gives way to the mass-consumption affluent society, advertising and the mass media become increasingly dominant influences. They encourage an intensified competition in the pursuit of material goods (now identified with social status): a neglect of public spending (for example, on education and youth services): a break-up of family life as more mothers go out to work under the stimulus of artificial want-creation: and generally an exaggerated stress on money-values. These changes have 'increased the trends making for irresponsibility among adults and delinquency among the young'.

While certain of these alleged changes – in particular, the greater competitiveness – are rather doubtful, it seems hard to deny a basic connection between the rise in delinquency and the arrival of the mass-consumption society. But I part company with Mr Fyvel on the dominant role which he allots to advertising and the mass media. Here he seems over-influenced by the writings of the sub-sociological Incantation School (now happily almost dead) – books of the Vance-Packard variety in which rigorous argument is replaced by phrase-making and abstractions: Madison Avenue, Hidden Persuaders, Affluent Society, Organised System, Power Elite, Status Seekers, Image Makers and the rest.

Advertising is of course a natural scapegoat, having that element of conspiracy, of *hidden* power, which is essential for the scapegoat role. And although some advertising is necessary in any market economy, a strong case can be made out against Anglo-American advertising. It involves a waste of total resources (the 'wasteful' element amounting to perhaps one per cent of the national income), and a greater waste of scarce talent. It is often vulgar, strident and offensive. And it induces a definite cynicism and corruption in both practitioners and audience owing to the constant intermingling of truth and lies.

But how much real power does it have? It can certainly (subject to severe limitations – witness the Ford Edsel) influence the choice between one product and another. But this is not the same as determining the values and culture of the society. Surely the wrong values which it is alleged to breed (competitiveness, acquisitiveness, the search for status) were rather strongly in evidence in pre-advertising societies. Moreover the arrival of advertising has not somehow destroyed the age-old influences on social behaviour – race, class, age, family, tradition and individual personality. Of course it can influence taste and fashion. But even here violent changes occurred before advertising was ever invented. And with the younger generation the influence is often in reverse – advertising and the media adopt (and bowdlerise) a fashion already established underground by word of mouth; this happened with (for example) coffee-bars, skiffle, male working-class dress, modern jazz, and so on. The fact is that advertising and television are much less central to people's lives than is often supposed – and especially to young people's lives (the Teds never watch the telly). Generally, a free society (or even an unfree one, as Hungary showed in 1956) develops strong defensive mechanisms to protect its freedom of choice in the face of mass propaganda. It is a great mistake to take Madison Avenue at its own valuation.

Again, I do not accept the popular thesis that the unbalance between public and private spending is due to advertising. If we compare different countries, we find little correlation between the amount of advertising and the proportion of their income which people are willing to surrender to the state. The proportion seems to depend upon quite different factors – a strong or weak government, the strength of individualism or *laisser-faire*, the tradition of public patronage or municipal enterprise, the nature of the taxation system, and so on.

It seems particularly hard to attribute juvenile crime to Madison Avenue when (as Mr Fyvel brilliantly shows) it is clearly an international phenomenon, apparent in the most diverse societies. Take Soviet Russia: a country with no advertising or commercial media, with an authoritarian government, a strict, Victorian official morality, a vast expenditure on education, a huge organisation of Pioneers and Komsomols, and a stern penal system if all else fails. Yet the 1950s witnessed not only the much-publicised middle-class phenomenon of the *stilyagi*, but a mass outbreak of hooliganism and gang warfare which

**The Insecure Offenders. Chatto & Windus. 25s.*

rendered whole districts of Soviet towns unsafe. Nor can the intense attraction which Western youth culture – whether nylons, jeans or jazz – exercises for Communist adolescents be explained by advertising; we have here a spontaneous, world-wide phenomenon, owing relatively little to artificial want-creation.

Indeed the more one studies Russia, the more one sees the similarities with the West: in the strength of money incentives, the acute competition in management, the existence of a huge grey market, the growth of a new semi-legal entrepreneurial class (the *tolkach*, or 'fixer'), and even the increase in embezzlement to the point where the death penalty has been re-introduced for 'economic crimes'. None of this is said in cheap denigration of the Soviet system, the case against which in any case rests on quite different grounds. It is only to show that the pre-eminence of money values has rather deeper causes than 'hidden persuaders' or television.

Obviously we must accept the general proposition that the rise in delinquency is bound up with post-war changes in society. It is probably associated with full employment and wider educational opportunities, for these mean that failure to succeed cannot so easily be blamed on 'the system', but must be accepted as a *personal* failure: with the material prosperity less of the teenagers than of their parents, who have sometimes found the new consumer durables more exciting than the task of attending to their teenage children: with earlier physical maturity: with the diminution in more obvious political outlets for aggression. Also a certain malaise and insecurity are inevitable when the pace of change – in material standards, technology and morals – is as rapid as it is today.

In such a situation a 'scapegoat' approach is tempting, but dangerous. This is not because advertising and the media are marvellously beneficial institutions, to be protected at all costs. On the contrary, there is a revolting nastiness and vulgarity about some advertising, many women's journals, and all Beaverbrook newspapers. An offensive against these would greatly improve the tone of our society; though it might involve some denial of democratic rights and perhaps an increase in social inequality. All this is arguable. But what it would not do is solve the problem of juvenile delinquency. Abuse of Madison Avenue is always good for a cheer. The danger is that by providing an easy scapegoat it distracts attention from the immensely complex task (which Mr Fyvel tackles bravely) of finding real remedies – in educational reform, urban planning, youth services, leisure facilities, and changed parental attitudes.

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Good Old Al

The Bootleggers. By KENNETH ALLSOP. *Hutchinson.* 30s.

'Good old Al!' yelled 10,000 Boy Scouts at a university rally on the appearance of the shrewd arch-psychopath, Capone.

When the stylish hoodlum, Nails Morton, was thrown and kicked to death by a horse on the Lincoln Park bridle paths, his buddy Two-Gun Louis Alterie and a crowd of Dion O'Banion's paid murderers went to the stable and rented Morton's horse, rode it to the spot where the accident had occurred and ceremoniously bumped off the horse, each gangster firing a shot into its head.

'This', said Al Capone, surveying the calm suburb of Burnham, 'is virgin territory for whorehouses.'

'Nobody shot me,' said Frank Gusenberg in hospital, dying with 14 machine-gun bullets in his body.

Thus Chicago, selected and abridged for night-table reading.

Every man has his own Chicago. Mine was Jake (pardon, Col. Jack) Arvey's 24th Ward, where everyone who was anyone had a blood relation in the gangs, the gangs were as traditional an employment as shoe-selling for a get-up-and-go kid if he were slightly bughouse, but otherwise little was seen or known of them outside the newspapers. Kenneth Allsop's Chicago is both real and imaginary, a Gomorrah-by-the-lake to be excavated for, if not truth, criminal ecology and exotica. He has written an interesting book about it.

Marriage, says J. P. Marquand in one of his novels, is a damned serious business in Boston. Equally so, crime in America. Both conceal an extreme Brechtian dynamic within functional, conservative exteriors. America wouldn't be what it is without either – and without the public lies attending on both. Mr Allsop quotes one observer, 'We cannot seriously change the incidence of crime in American life without changing our police, our politics, our morals, our values.' Well, yes. Ban the bomb, too.

The fact is, among other consequences, organised crime corrupts and stupefies American officialdom. There is hardly a major American police force not involved in graft up to its neck. (Mr Allsop reports that children in Chicago play the game of 'Cops and Cops'). Crime, which used to vote Democratic and be lower-class, now flourishes in fashionable GOP suburbs, controls vital community services and contributes to local and state elections more than ten times the money of organised labour. The liaison between local government and regional mob juntas, in which private business is deeply implicated, is cosily built into the very structure of American politics. This relationship is rarely published and virtually never disrupted by the metronomously regular newspaper exposé and Congressional 'investigation'. The occasional murders (very contemporary, anonymous and grey-flannel jobs they are too) seem ordered more in sorrow than anger. It is exquisitely correct that the panders, gunmen and semi-psychotics of organised crime are, and were, as Mr Allsop wryly reminds us, faithful married men, endlessly religious and kind to their mamas.

On 17 January 1920 the US Congress, motivated by war idealism and by anti-Hun sentiments (the brewers were mainly German) and mercilessly nagged by clean-living lobbyists, enacted the incredible Volstead Law and shot the bolt on the saloon door which chapel Temperance fiends had been gradually trying to close for years. Whereupon drink fever hit America. Rot gut, strike-me-dead, Jersey lightning, kickapoo joy juice: the production of illicit liquor became America's biggest industry. From the mob point of view Prohibition became, to paraphrase Roy Thompson in an only slightly different context, a licence to print money. A large, wealthy and influential criminal class was brought into being to make and distribute the alky, recruited mainly of men from those immigrant communities most easily conditioned to self-organisation and least personally susceptible to liquor and drugs. Crime became rationalised and respectable.

Chicago, with its felicitous geography and tightly-knit transport facilities, its 'on the make' ideology and lack of class-conscious (even by American standards) proletariat, was a natural headquarters. During the Twenties it was 'effectively a city without a police force', the police themselves operating 'partially as a private army for the gangs. In 1923 60 per cent of the police were officially estimated to be engaged in the liquor business, "not in connivance, but actually".' In 1925, Allsop tells us, Chicago had 16,000 more drunk arrests than England and Wales, all citizen drinkers, with hardly an arrest – let alone a conviction – among the criminal businessmen, to whom thousands of Chicago families owed their livelihoods.

The author's research has been careful and intelligent, the tone enthusiastic and expertly 'pop', only occasionally descending, as when he speaks of the 'vulpine Latin minds' of Johnny Torrio and Capone, to bad journalese. (Some of the best 'vulpine Latin minds' in Chicago are named Kelly, Ginsburg and McCormick.) Allsop writes sensibly and fast, as an English romantic somewhat over-fond of, even bedazzled by, the moronic power of organised thugs, and from a point usually below and slightly to the left of authority. It is to his credit, and adds to value and readability, that he candidly traces the source of his passion for Chicago to a childhood confrontation with one of Capone's armour-

plated cars on exhibition at a circus. His book is descriptive, rather than evocative or analytic, the best chapters dealing with the names, dates and circumstances of the collisions between the rival bootleggers, their pacts, murders and strangely communal mores.

But missing, over-all, is 'bite', the feel, from either side of the law, of how it must have been; and, more important, how crime fitted, and fits, into a Chicago totality. Did Joe Q. Doakes, the citizen under a certain jolly income, give a damn? Really? When all is said and done, Chicago is not a jazz-age concept but, in Nelson Algren's words, 'a joint where the bulls and the foxes live well and the lambs wind up head down from the hook.' Mr Allsop supplies the bulls and foxes. But where are my friends, the lambs?

CLANCY SIGAL

Towards Transparency

My Sad Captains. By THOM GUNN. *Faber*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

Since Coleridge, poets have been doing their own metaphysics, and it is commonplace that this causes some of them to be trapped in their own poems, doubting that there is anything outside for them to meddle with, or even forgetting where outside is. Yet 'poems about poems' is still for most people a condemnation. And the metaphysicians themselves may be very concerned to keep up the communications between outside and in, not to lose touch, as Stevens put it, with 'a solid reality which does not wholly dissolve into the conceptions of their own minds.' Shadows cast by this solid reality flicker on the polished walls of the poem; hence Mr Gunn's heroes and toughs, his significantly random and exciting city streets. The shadows serve for a time, but then they come to seem false and distorted; the poet decides that poems should not have the opacity of screens but the transparency of windows. The motor-cyclists in their gleaming leather, even the accurate rhymes and rhythms of the verse, are agents of the false and the opaque; the poet moves, self-consciously, into a new manner. He will liberate himself from myths which diminished reality, creating in it a 'fictive lack'; he will, to use Coleridge's own terminology, defecate his language and his perceptions to a pure transparency. He will let the world be in his poems.

Sometimes
on fogless days by the Pacific,
there is a cold hard light without break
that reveals merely what it is – no more
and no less.

Mr Gunn has in earlier poems represented himself as the trapped poet-metaphysician, and to that extent condones my over-simplifications. And he is certainly aware that some of his earlier poems were 'made buoyant by a kind of fictive lack.' Consequently he divides his new book into two parts, the first in the old opaque, the second in the new transparent (and syllabic) style. Part Two has only 15 pages. It could have been longer; not quite suitable poems that have appeared in periodicals are left out. Mr Gunn clearly wants a sharp break. And indeed the blank page in the middle of *My Sad Captains* represents the end of his first period. So that although this new volume is in some ways less imposing that *A Sense of Movement* (as that book was less startling than *Fighting Terms*), it is going to grow in interest as time passes. It demonstrates a remarkable advance towards transparency, towards a new austerity.

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PUTNAM

The continuity of the first part with *A Sense of Movement* is emphasised by the similarity of its plan; for it opens, like the earlier book, with a meditative poem about action and a dream-like metaphysical exercise on the same topic. Naturally there are differences; and although there is probably no poem here as fine as 'During an Absence', there are hints of even greater powers. They are present, for example, in the opening poem – a much subtler work than the famous 'On the Move' – which concerns a Caravaggio in Santa Maria del Popolo. Here the violence of the early poems is not indulged but rather confined within the distorted spaces of Caravaggio's painting; and another familiar temptation, to use this theme as an excuse for an epigrammatic conclusion, is also resisted. As in the Yeats meditations, there is a laying on of recurrences, so that the poem does more than simply justify a conclusion; it takes on a unique and self-consistent shape, a whole meaning. The technical problems set were of the acutest kind. In the first stanza the real shadows and the picture-shadows are indistinguishable.

> I see how shadow in the painting brims
> With a real shadow, drowning all shapes out
> But a dim horse's haunch and various limbs,
> Until the very subject is in doubt.

But evening reveals the true rhetoric of the 'wily painter, limiting the scene'

> From a cacophony of dusty forms
> To the one conclusion,

the 'wide gesture' of Paul in his trance. What does this gesture mean now, *outside the picture,* in a world inhabited once by Caravaggio's models and his murderer, and now by the old women clutching their heads in the church?

> Their poor arms are too tired for more
> than this
> – For the large gesture of solitary man,
> Resisting, by embracing, nothingness.

This gives a kind of answer to the question about Paul's gesture; but each stanza lies transparent across the others, so that the world of the painting and the world outside it interpenetrate like the two shadows; the poem aims at ideogram, not epigram. All the pressure is taken off the language to help towards that end. The poet handles the 'space' of his poem much as Caravaggio handled his; the painted gesture is central, the cacophony of the women's arms remote but relevant.

In this first part the familiar myth accompanies the familiar technique. Here again is the poet as consciousness examining itself in relation to the random and ignorant world, contrasting his orderly images with its bold, formless movements. Here are the hero and the secret sharer, the city celebrated for its man-made fortuity. The fact that the propriety of these myths was matched by their availability had something to do with the success of the earlier volumes; here was a poet who could use not only Neoptolemus and Lazarus, but Elvis Presley and Lofty, the muscle-man at the Palais. But now the myths are muted by metaphysics, by a sense of the ambiguity of the mind's liberties and the falsity of form. A hero, von Stauffenberg, is the subject of the worst poem in this book. And it is clear that the mythology will have to go, even if it takes an audience with it.

In the second part of *My Sad Captains* that carefully developed technique of ideogram is abandoned, and at the same time Mr Gunn gives up his full rhymes and iambic rhymes. All were agents of opacity or depth, ways of controlling the picture-space; the new need is to move out into real space and genuine shadow.

> Calmly, perception rests on the things,
> and is aware of them only in
> their precise definition, their fine
> lack of even potential meanings.

This, like the passage from 'Flying above California' I quoted at the beginning, is a kind of poetry that had to be fought for; to do it you must have had dealings with opacity. The myths, the obsolete explanations, do in fact faintly survive, but transformed, as in 'Hotblood on Friday', a very subtle 'butch' poem.

Art and concentration, obvious requirements of the poet-metaphysician, Mr Gunn has always had. Transparency, the rendering of things 'only in their precise definition', is now his object, and it is more difficult to achieve than the huge heroic shadows of his myths. There is every reason in the world to applaud this volume, in which a chaste and powerful modern poet goes about his proper and possible business of arranging words to reveal a world.

FRANK KERMODE

The Desirable East

Between Oxus and Jumna. By ARNOLD TOYNBEE. *Oxford.* 21*s.*

The professional failing of the historian is success-worship: the belief that what happened was bound to happen, and that what was bound to happen was, by definition, the best that could happen. When the historian is also a historicist, who believes that the study of the past has given him the key to the present and the future, this failing is likely to take an even more pernicious form. All historicists believe, in one form or another, that what is happening now is bound to go on happening in the future. But since only an intellectual masochist can cheerfully accept that the future may be against him, most historicists also believe that what is bound to happen in the future is equally bound to be desirable. Dr Arnold Toynbee's latest book makes it clear that he has succumbed to a particularly prevalent form of historians' success-worship.

Between Oxus and Jumna is an account of Dr Toynbee's recent travels in Afghanistan and Pakistan, a region in which he has been passionately interested since his undergraduate days. As such it is harmless enough, and at times even exciting. Dr Toynbee's great gifts of sympathy and imagination, allied to his learning and his historian's eye, make him an excellent interpreter of one culture to another. Unhappily, however, the philosopher continually gets in the way of the travel-writer. Running through his memorable descriptions of ancient temples and mountain forts, and his generous understanding of the efforts made by an isolated people to catapult themselves into the 20th century, there is an implied assumption which is as false as it is widely accepted.

Roughly speaking, Dr Toynbee believes that the tide of history is sweeping away from the West and back into Asia, and that, since Western values have no universal validity, this process should be viewed with equanimity or even approval. Both propositions seem to me extremely dubious. Dr Toynbee is, of course, quite right in saying that the primacy of Western Europe, based on sea-power, is now over. But the parallel he draws between the former British frontier posts in Pakistan and

Hadrian's Wall after the Romans left Britain is a misleading one. The real point about the end of empire in this century is that the successor states, so far from turning their backs on the West, are trying to implement Western values far more energetically than the Western imperialists ever did. The present rulers of India, and perhaps even of Pakistan, are more 'Western' in everything except racial origin than the British civil servants who ruled India before Independence. The decline of Western imperialism is not synonymous with the decline of the West. On the contrary, it marks an important victory of Western values – a victory which was prepared by generations of Western liberals and Socialists in the metropolitan countries.

Where Dr Toynbee cannot avoid acknowledging the persistence of Western attitudes, he does so with little enthusiasm. Democracy and parliamentary government have no overriding attraction for him. He is willing to concede that they are the most humane forms of Government yet devised, but if they have to be abandoned in the interests of efficiency, he seems curiously reluctant to mourn their disappearance. The possibility that a democratic regime might in the long run prove more efficient than a totalitarian one, because more responsive to popular wishes and less hamstrung by sycophancy and fear, seems not to have occurred to him. No one denies that democracy is a difficult system to operate, since it demands reserves of humility and self-restraint rarely found in new nations – or, for that matter, in old ones. But the death of a democratic régime, whether in Africa or Asia or Europe, is not something which should be dismissed by a fatalistic shrug.

Dr Toynbee's attitude to nationalism is as disturbing as his attitude to parliamentary democracy. Nationalism he describes as a 'Western disease', as an 'additional tax on their social health and strength' which the new nations cannot afford. Perhaps so; but without nationalism these new nations would not even exist. If the tide of history is sweeping towards Asia, it was nationalism which set the tide in motion. In any case, why is nationalism a 'disease'? Like any strong emotion, national feeling can lead people to commit stupid blunders and fearful atrocities. But on the whole nationalism is more often a force for good than a force for evil. In the last 14 years, the people of the Indian sub-continent have won a greater chance of dignity and self-respect than ever before. This seems to me a positive gain, easily outweighing the mistakes made over Kashmir. Dr Toynbee would probably reply that the advances made since Independence were not the result of nationalism, though the blunders were.

DAVID MARQUAND

Poems and Opinions

A Book of Science Verse. Edited by W. EASTWOOD. *Macmillan.* 21*s.*

The editor of this book has collected rather more than 100 poems or fragments on scientific subjects written by about 70 poets from Lucretius to John Wain. In an appendix he has added eight pieces, mostly in prose, containing 'views on the relations of science and poetry', from Wordsworth to Bronowski. What the editor has done was certainly worth while, but unfortunately he approached his task in much too passive a spirit, so that the anthology has turned out a kind of unorganised dump in which works of the most incompatible genres are all mixed together. Not a word of classification or explanation is there to help – and the 'views' omit, by some extraordinary lapse, one of the most vital of all for this subject, T. S. Eliot's famous discussion of the 'dissociation of sensibility' at the rise of modern science, together with all the repercussions which have flowed from that.

If the editor believed, as it seems he did, that poetic expression need by no means be alien from the subject-matter and ways of thought of the natural sciences, then why did he include in his collection so many parodies written by people who obviously thought the opposite? For example, the parody of Alfred Noyes by E. V. Knox jostles Williams's 'Dance of Locomotives' and Kipling's always touching (and dead serious) 'McAndrew's Hymn' and Spender's beautiful 'Express'. Surely it would have been helpful to have sorted out the genres somehow. Thus we have both serious and satirical from pre-Renaissance times, while after the rise of modern science in the time of Galileo the note of hostility begins to sound, first in *Hudibras* as well as Donne, and then crescendo in numerous heartfelt attacks by 19th and 20th-century writers. Sometimes these grade over into productions of rank bad verse or *jeux d'esprit* in dubious taste, which Mr Eastwood might well have confined to a special corral or, better, omitted altogether. Apart from this, the sober exposition of the 18th century is well represented, and the editor did well to include a good proportion of the serious poetry on scientific themes which has appeared in the present century.

JOSEPH NEEDHAM

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Bombing Germany

A. J. P. TAYLOR

The bombing of Germany by British aeroplanes began on 15 May 1940. It continued, though not without interruption, until the end of April 1945. No part of war policy stirred more argument then and since. Some held that the war could be won by bombing alone. Sir Arthur Harris, Commander-in-chief of Bomber Command, wrote in 1942: 'Victory, speedy and complete, awaits the side which first employs air power as it should be employed'. Others, equally extreme, believed that the bomber offensive was an immoral waste of effort. The full account in the official history, now published*, will start the argument afresh. The volumes are a model of scholarly accuracy and impartiality, a bit cumbersome and long-winded, but never failing to tell the truth as far as it can be ascertained. They are a great achievement, and it is sad that Sir Charles Webster has not lived to receive the praise which is his due.

Many will use these volumes as an opportunity to denounce those in charge of British policy from Sir Winston Churchill to Sir Arthur Harris. Others will extol British courage and achievement. In my view, the historian is not concerned to fight past battles over again, still less to fight them differently. His duty is to explain. We can safely assume that all leaders in wartime make mistakes; we can also assume that the mistakes were honest mistakes, and that there were good reasons for making them. Criticism after the event places one piece on the board differently without appreciating that this affects every other piece. For instance, the bomber offensive did not knock Germany out in 1943. Nevertheless, it prevented the Germans from putting a far greater air strength on the Eastern front, and so helped the Soviet victories. What indeed would have happened to Soviet determination without it? The present authors conclude cautiously and wisely:

> Strategic bombing . . . made a contribution to the war which was decisive. Those who claim that Bomber Command contribution to the war was less are factually in error. Those who claim that its contribution under different circumstances might have been yet more effective disagree with one another and often overlook basic facts.

The basic fact is that Bomber Command operated in the unknown and that it had to proceed by trial and error. It started the war with the wrong strategy, and inadequately prepared for that. Its pre-war plan was for precise bombing by daylight of selected targets. This proved impossible, as the *Luftwaffe* was also to discover. Sir Charles Portal, Chief of the Air Staff, refused to believe that a long-range fighter could be invented. He was wrong, as the Americans showed in 1944; and this was one of the great mistakes of the war. But it was supported, in this country, by all informed opinion. Night bombing seemed to be the only alternative. This, too, was supported by informed opinion for mistaken reasons. It was held that the morale of the German people was weaker than that of the British. This turned out to be quite untrue. The Germans sustained much greater blows than the British had done without any shaking of morale until the very end. It was also held that German industry was already fully stretched and that relatively small losses would bring Germany to her knees. This was a catastrophic error. Germany's economic mobilisation was on a small scale, and had made few inroads on civilian production, which declined much less than in Great Britain. Air attack actually stimulated her war production, which reached its peak in July 1944 when independent strategic bombing was already over. One can argue that the production would have been still greater without the air attacks; one can equally well argue that the increase would not have taken place without the stimulus from air attacks.

What seems broadly true is that strategic bombing demanded more economic effort from Great Britain than it inflicted economic damage on Germany. But even this is not a decisive argument. Strategic bombing, when it started, sprang from the motive that there was nothing to which British resources could be more usefully devoted. This was unanswerable. Churchill endorsed it. He never believed, as is sometimes alleged, that bombing could win the war; he believed rightly that it was the best contribution which Great Britain could make towards winning the war in the circumstances of the time. The claim of Sir Arthur Harris that bombing alone could win the war was never tested by events; for he was never given either the free hand or the resources which he laid down as necessary.

There was a narrower issue in dispute – that between area bombing which Harris favoured and the bombing of precise targets, which Harris dismissed as 'panaceas'. We can see in retrospect that Harris was right, though not always for the right reasons. Area bombing was the only operation of which the hastily trained crews of Bomber Command were capable. Precision bombing would have demanded a long period of training, during which no bombing would have taken place; and supplies to Bomber Command would have been cut down in favour of competing needs. Bomber Command, in fact, had to bomb in order to justify itself; and area bombing was its only possibility. Moreover some of the 'panaceas' were inaccessible; others were not the 'panaceas' which they were alleged to be. For instance, Bomber Command was repeatedly urged to attack the ball-bearing factory at Schweinfurt, a difficult operation. It ultimately did so with disappointing results. The Germans discovered to their surprise, and still more to that of the Ministry of Economic Warfare, that they had enough ball-bearings in stock to keep them going until new production was started.

Still, the strongest argument for area bombing was that Sir Arthur Harris believed in it. He had brought new inspiration to Bomber Command after the failures of 1941. He alone understood the operational needs and difficulties of his Command. Nor was it irrelevant that he had personal access to Churchill and strong support from Cherwell. A commander who claims to know how to win the war when others are doubting will always do much to carry the day.

The situation changed once the allied armies landed in France. The German night fighters lost the guidance of their advanced radar stations. Bomber Command could undertake precision bombing against German oil supplies, and did so with tremendous effect. This, of course, does not prove that it could have been done successfully while Western Europe was under German occupation. Strategic bombing had been intended to make an allied invasion unnecessary; instead it helped to make it successful. As with most past controversies, careful study of the record does not enable us to decide for one side or the other. It only enables us to understand what they were arguing about, and why they argued as they did.

Can we draw any moral or guidance for the future? Fortunately not about strategic bombing in the strict sense. Strategic bombing, as practised in the last war, is now as obsolete as bows and arrows. A new war, if it comes, will undoubtedly be much more devastating, probably much faster, at any rate quite different. But, though weapons change, men remain the same. The lasting interest of this story is in the human sphere – how decisions were shaped, not how they were carried out. As technical power increased, confusion of counsels increased also. There was never a single strategic direction of Bomber Command. Sir Arthur Harris often determined strategy; Sir Charles Portal gave instructions for operations. Lord Cherwell influenced strategy as well as providing scientific assistance – or sometimes, as in the case of *Window* (the device of dropping tinfoil to interfere with German radar), retarding it. The Ministry of Economic Warfare tried to determine bombing policy. The Admiralty wanted Bomber Command diverted to the war against the U-boats, and often got its way. For a short period in 1944, Sir Arthur Tedder was put in supreme charge in order to prepare for the invasion. Things were done

* *History of the Second World War. The Strategic Air Offensive against Germany 1939-1945.* By SIR CHARLES WEBSTER and NOBLE FRANKLAND. *H.M.S.O.* 4 *Vols.* 8 *gns.*

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to impress public opinion, or were sometimes prevented by it. Other things were done to impress the Americans or to prove them wrong. The Prime Minister intervened with ideas of his own.

In all this turmoil one almost forgets the crews of Bomber Command who ultimately had to carry out the conclusions of these conflicting authorities: 59,000 lost their lives. If the past be any guide, all the expectations of all the experts who are now preparing for war will turn out to be wrong; and the experts will go on being wrong while the war is being fought. In the end, no doubt, someone will win. Clemenceau said that war was too serious a business to be left to soldiers. Nowadays it is too serious a business to be left to anybody.

Make it Real

The Fox in the Attic. By RICHARD HUGHES. *Chatto & Windus.* 18*s.*

In Honour Bound. By NINA BAWDEN. *Longmans.* 16*s.*

Image of My Father. By R. C. HUTCHINSON. *Bles.* 18*s.*

Just for the Record. By STANLEY PRICE. *Michael Joseph.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Sermons and Soda-Water. By JOHN O'HARA. *Cresset.* 18*s.*

The Judas Tree. By A. J. CRONIN. *Gollancz.* 18*s.*

Reading most new novels, one begins to feel like a passer-by staring through the plate-glass windows of an electricity showroom, where the salesmen have arranged a laughing cardboard family in typical postures round the hearth. The world of novels is so odd: there are still so many servants, so many dramatic accidents, so much dogged sex. Novel-people behave so strangely: they have so much leisure, their jobs are so irrelevant, they seldom take decisions on practical grounds but almost always in response to curious sensitive hunches. And so many novels have no reason for ending: if it weren't for the publishers' requirements, they could go on coiling out, one feels, for at least as long again. Many American novels, of course, do; but British writers usually seem satisfied if they've killed off a central character in one of those heaven-sent accidents, if a tiny cry's been heard from the maternity ward, or if someone strides out along the pavement and snuffs the crisp morning scent of another day.

All the books in this collection seem to me to be beating their fists against the plate-glass window in a try at reaching the world in which you and I live. Richard Hughes's is by far the most elaborate attempt, and in some ways the most successful. The first volume of a proposed trilogy, *The Fox in the Attic* boldly tackles the history of our own time, from the Twenties onwards: it contrasts and links two shifting societies – the precarious Edwardian islands of country-house life in England, with thinned-out retainers beginning to grumble, and progressive ideas from Oxford disturbing the certainties, and the dangerous ferment of post-war Bavaria, overwhelmed by inflation, racked by political crises, shaken by the Munich *Putsch*. Hitler seems real enough, when he appears in the story; so too do his followers, including the characters imagined by Mr Hughes. The English world, on the other hand, seems far remoter: but this is probably an accident of age. What brings both into human focus is the blend of pensiveness, hard thinking and blunt talking that mark also *A High Wind in Jamaica* and *In Hazard* – both, to my mind, outstanding books. There is an offhand, almost brutal manner which is more than a stock-in-trade with Mr Hughes: it breaks out whenever he refers to what he calls here 'things which can be deemed too *bad* to be true.' Death – blindness – madness – cruelty: these things he thrusts at one, gruffly, as if to say, 'take it or leave it, that's how they are.' This, which looks like E. M. Forster's deliberate 'tea-tabling' of drama, is really more akin to Conrad's withdrawn reticence: it has the same effect of surprise and gravity, anchoring fiction to fact. No wonder the whole trilogy's called *The Human Predicament*. It should be worth waiting for.

Nina Bawden also seeks to chronicle social change in her account of the inadequacies of Edwardian prep-school morality, incarnate in a handsome ex-bomber-pilot who can't come to terms with civilian life in the Fifties. His portrait is brilliantly conceived – the kind of gentle, indolent leader-of-men that Leslie Howard used to play on the screen, but fatally flawed by his innocence, unable to conceive that truth and honesty may not prevail, that courage may be useless, and that not to recognize the fact is even a form of self-indulgence. This is a dense and serious book: but for me its careful, intricate structure was reduced to matchstick-housebuilding by being so much a *novel*, with an introspective heroine who has time to register silent feeling in well-chosen epithets while people actually talk, ever grammatical and to the point. Much as I enjoyed and sympathised, therefore, I longed for something cruder.

A little of the same feeling emerged in reading R. C. Hutchinson's *Image of my Father* – although here a more laconic technique makes for a more muscular effect. The story is that of a Belgian, serving in 1944 in a German labour corps, returning afterwards to come into a mysterious inheritance from England. Tracking it down, he also tracks down the identity of his father, and his own. Finally he returns to the life which he had rejected, not reconciled but resigned to lack of love in the sense in which he'd sought it. The European backgrounds, so far as I know them, are extremely well done, and the conception is gloomy and serious. But here again the strangeness of novel-people obtrudes itself: why should Vincent Levesque – who's after all a fairly living creation – stumble so sadly along the chalk-line mapped by the author?

Some of this impatience may have been stimulated by reading *Just for the Record*, in which a slangy, wisecracking Stanley Price tears the lid off everything and smashes the place up like a tearaway in a teashop. Does he smash the plate-glass window? I'm not sure. His book is a monologue by a successful phoney, a 'proletarian' author who used to be a bank-clerk before he decided that if Johns Braine and Osborne could make a killing, so could he. Sedentary people who secretly hate books (some authors, I suspect, and many reviewers) will enjoy Mr Price and his acetylene-torch work on the Emperor's new clothes: he writes in a magnificent, jeering, get-you, damn-everything style which he describes as a blend of Brummagem, Cockney, American and invention. When his targets are well-chosen – banks, theatre workshops and cultural rackets – the tone of his invective is refreshing, though not new. But after a whole bookful of basically nihilist sneers, I began to tire of his company.

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Equally lively, in a different way, is *Sermons and Soda-Water* – title from *Don Juan*, which may give you a clue. These are three short novels, linked by a central narrator who's an Irish-American novelist and playwright, fabulously successful, called James Malloy. In them, he looks back, glibly but with some accumulated wisdom, to the gay Twenties and Thirties, with a Where-are-they-now diminuendo for every tale. Good light entertainment: but I still remember Peter Lorre in *Beat the Devil*: 'Vy do you keep calling me "O Horror"?'

Finally, the latest A. J. Cronin. The link with reality here is a series of references to Current Events; but the rest of this neat, professional story – a selfish middle-aged man's yen for the daughter of his deserted, long-dead sweetheart – takes place in a world where only fans will feel at home.

RICHARD MAYNE

Best Pictures

A Picture of the Twenties. By RICHARD BENNETT. *Vista Books.* 30*s.*

Cavalcade of the 20's and 30's. *Bodley Head.* 60*s.*

Supposing we had had camera records of ancient and medieval times, would the fascination of the past and the glamour of its leading figures be what they have been in our historical imagination? Mr Bennett's pictorial survey of a recent decade reminds us that the camera is a great leveller: marvellously as it can record the social paraphernalia, it is mostly inept at conveying the human reality. Not that these pictures are bad; they are generally good, and Mr Bennett tells us they would have been better if the best libraries of press photographs had not been bombed by Hitler. But to see so much of the banalities of the family photograph album transferred to the plane of history is to realise very forcibly that the instantaneous impression of a significant person, snapped unawares, tells little if anything of the significance, save in the context of personal or communicated biographical and historical knowledge. (The inexpressibly dowdy appearance of the Webbs, for instance, and of other outstanding figures, only has its minor significance when we know them as minds.) This is only to say that a still photograph can be nothing more than an illustration, but it points to Mr Bennett's almost impossible task as a historiographer – one who started with over 200 of the best available photographs and had to write his history around them.

Considered as history, his narrative is inevitably elementary and superficial but not unsound. Perhaps because, as he says, the Twenties have often been described before (excellently too, by Somervell, for instance, and by Spender), he has restricted himself to a survey of the events as a whole in ten chapters, one for each year; which makes his production little more than a summary of the salient headline news. However, his standpoint in the present compels this miscellany to reflect something of the continuing change in our sense of history, of its invasion by the effects of sociology and technography, with the correspondingly depersonalised aspect of things in which, for instance, the advent of artificial textiles is more noteworthy than a change of government. Not that Mr Bennett takes up any line of interpretation. His mood is serious and judicious, and for this decade, which ended when he was 18, he feels a more affectionate regard than has been shown by older historians writing about it.

Hence his account of the General Strike, which has remained the show piece of the period, reads rather too blandly, at least for anyone who lived through it at a maturer age. He evokes not enough of the tensions and contrasts of the national dilemma. The bloodless, abortive 'revolution' provoked by the fanatical deflationists, the consequent bitterness, the failure to cure unemployment and the soreness of the national social conscience (never quite so clamant), have combined to brand this epoch with an indelible condemnation. This has generally obscured the sense that it was also a decade of unprecedented advance in the welfare of the masses, as well as of creative brilliance in many other directions. Mr Bennett's method of itself does something to correct the disbalance, but he has underexposed the moral paradoxes of a generation which, if psychically mixed-up, was less afflicted than ours with apathy.

Whatever its shortcomings however, this is a popular account of a piece of real, rumbustious history, which *Cavalcade of the 20's and 30's* emphatically is not. The latter is a large, sleek and glossy volume consisting of selected pictures and articles from New York's *Vanity Fair* up to its demise in 1936. The whole crowd of American, European and other celebrities who then captured the admiration of American polite society is here. Intermingled are nearly all our own then famous literati, most of whom contributed articles, usually below their standard quality but doubtless for well above their normal emoluments.

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ARTHUR BARKER

RMA

The Story of Sandhurst. By HUGH THOMAS. *Hutchinson.* 30*s.*

'It is not yet possible to make any judgment upon the history of the Royal Military Academy [the post-war Sandhurst] between its inauguration and the present time . . . The social background of the cadets of the post-war age has in fact not altered very much since the old fee-paying days.' This is the disappointingly perfunctory conclusion which Hugh Thomas draws at the end of his account of Sandhurst. I should have thought it was possible to make at least a provisional judgment. True, 'the actors in this period are still with us' and 'the documents recording their acts are not available for scrutiny'. This admittedly impedes the flow of anecdote with which Mr Thomas has chronicled the idiosyncrasies of the directing staff and the japes of the gentlemen cadets between 1802 and the Second World War. But the essential Sandhurst which emerges from Mr Thomas's account is defined by the social origin of the cadets and the kind of instruction they receive. Is it not really possible to tell us more about Sandhurst today than the bare statement that 'no more than seventy per cent of the Academy now come from public schools' – linked to a long and not very reassuring quotation from Mr Simon Raven?

It seems likely from this that post-war Sandhurst has managed to achieve the kind of middle-class social texture which the civilian establishment achieved between the wars; that the quality of the teaching, both military and civil, is nowadays up to the level of most public schools, but that discipline and 'character building' are still 'Arnoldian in essence' – a phrase I culled from Mr Raven, not Mr. Thomas. If this is true, one may conclude that pre-war Sandhurst has absorbed its changes and no more represents the social pattern of Britain today than it did before 1939. It is probably ill-adapted, in other words, both to modern war and to modern democracy. If this is an unfair judgment, Mr Thomas is to blame for not telling more.

The story of Sandhurst, from the day in 1798 when Colonel Le Marchant first conceived the notion that officers of the British Army should be educated to the day in 1939 when the 89-year old Duke of Connaught came down to plant a Wellingtonia in memory of the Prince Consort, is a story of resistance to change by the military establishment and ultimate absorption of change. Sandhurst did of course achieve Le Marchant's main objective of a professional army. It led in the end (but almost incredibly slowly) to the abolition of commission by purchase and to a system in which merit played a considerable part in promotion. It reached its peak, perhaps, between 1880 and 1914 when it resembled Dr. Arnold's Rugby of 60 years earlier; and its most striking group of *alumni* have been most of the leading generals of both World Wars, from Haig — 'lonely, arrogant, good-looking . . . he took everything in his stride' – to Montgomery – 'the centre of a group of violent and noisy cadets who amused themselves beating up those they disliked'.

All this Mr Thomas relates in scholarly detail, made readable by an insider's familiarity with the period which would have done credit to a *Morning Post* gossip writer. What a pity he has not bothered to face the contemporary issues – which would have made all this worth while.

JOHN FREEMAN

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Life with Whitebait

G. W. STONIER

You know Andersen's story of the Shadow? A traveller comes late to a hotel in the south and hearing music across the way leans out of the window; his shadow falls on the bright porch where guests are arriving, and after a while it detaches itself and goes in. This happens night after night till the time comes for him to pack his bags and move on, and now it's the shadow who is master.

Something of the kind occurred to me in 1940, with Whitebait. It was a time for pseudonyms, ghost-lives; writers were scarce and new names in demand. Already as Fanfarlo I was proliferating a month-to-month survival fantasy in *New Writing*; material fell sometimes literally into my lap as I wrote, and every instalment might be the last. Under a cloud of fish names (revealed by Charon last week) I was whisking on and off the Competitions page, so that when the NEW STATESMAN wanted someone other than Stonier, busy with *East Coker* on another page, to review films, Whitebait popped out and hurried off to his first film.

This happened to be *The Grapes of Wrath* (or if not my very first film, the second or third), an astounding welcome that was never really to cool off during 21 years of film-reviewing in which trivialities must have outnumbered masterpieces by thousands to one. Yet always, sinking into my stall, I anticipated the highest and best, and went away vaguely crestfallen if it hadn't shown up.

Films have been my escape and ruin ever since some relative carried me along a pier to a small cabin where we blinked at a kinematograph of rough seas and the cabin rocked in sympathy. As films began to grow up so did I, a fugitive from classical education. Homeric laughter was no fun by the time it reached me; but at the Ionic four minutes away there were Chaplin flitabouts twice a week. I stole from my mother to go. Afterwards as a fifth former forgetting Sophocles I could happily sweat out *Intolerance*, fall in love with the ice-floe heroine of *Way Down East*. And my scholarly decline was completed at Oxford with the discovery of Buster Keaton at a flea-pit along the Walton Road to which no one took a gown. Paris in winter meant for me the quays and bistros and Stroheim's *Greed;* and the audience at the Studio des Ursulines so bravoed Mosjoukine in *Kean* that the film had to be stopped and the passage replayed.

Literary journalism in London, however, which I came to soon after, had no use for this kind of addiction. A West End farce might be worth two and a half columns, but what serious weekly would dream of reviewing films? As well, exclaimed the Editor (Clifford Sharp), review motor-cars! In fact, the idea grew on him and for years he ran a weekly motoring article, tucked away with the City, and written, I remember, by the Vicar of Bexhill.

In these circumstances my secret life grew more secret, and if once every couple of years or so I was able to slip in a column on *The Kid* or *Potemkin*, I considered myself lucky. I grew so resigned to this that when at last, under the expanding Martin regime, the question of a film critic came up, I didn't even offer myself, but preferred to go on reviewing Joyce, Eliot, Hopkins, Kafka, Auden and Dylan Thomas. And only the war let out this shadow who had been for so long enjoying his shadow-art round the corner.

Once released, Whitebait assumed an existence of his own, so that some days I narrowly missed meeting him on the stairs, returning perhaps from an early press show just as I was going out to buy a loaf or post a letter. The card over the hall letter-box, 'Mr and Mrs Stonier, and Wm Whitebait', to help the postman, caused some lifting of eyebrows; such things, it was felt, should be kept to the other end of the street.

He and I had in fact arrived at widely separated modes of living. He was brisk, dapper, elated, at the beck and call of Time: I was plagued by Eternity and cursed the bath water for getting cold while the appalling immensity of the Universe was borne in on me. After a whole day's filmgoing he would dart in to tap straight on the typewriter. Good God! He would repeat words of Japanese, his favourite language for films. Then what was I to do with his jaunting off to Dalston for a first sight of *The Magnificent Ambersons*, or he with my sometimes hallucinatory prowlings through the iron galleries of the London Library?

In aesthetics we were as sharply divided. I, through literature, had come under the fixation of language, of words heavy with association and the past, words delusively appealing in themselves, with which it would be easy to build up a glass tower or plunge oneself into some *vie engloutie* at a lake bottom: even Joyce, who had dared so many ways of breaking out from the sealed-off imagination dragged one down in the end to the most private nether-world of all. There is perhaps no such thing as a plain statement in words, not even in Esperanto. The barest sentence in print is instantly smothered in the reader's own lichen.

He, on the other hand, Whitebait, with his divings into the dark at all hours, was on the tail of the unclogged image, the pure corrective vision, to draw us out from our preconceptions and impositions on reality. With masters such as Eisenstein or Bunuel among the old, Satyajit Ray and Antonioni among the new, this visible renewal or regeneration goes on all the time attaining something of the freedom of music; and in fits and starts – simply because a camera will insist on its own rights as pen or brush can't – even indifferent and perverse films contain glimpses of the kind hinted at. Absurd old fictions dotted with freshness! Did Marlene Dietrich at the end of *Morocco* really totter off on high heels into the desert? But then before that hadn't there been a ripple of sunlight down the dress? Memory clings to it. There's an innocence in films, an elation, that no gloss of commercialism can quite destroy.

And there had always been the unintentional funnies. Hollywood films trying to be British, British films being extravagantly themselves, could zoom into an outer space of silliness. The great Gainsborough period produced triumph after triumph of this order: if *The Idol of Paris* could be revived, it would enjoy the kind of howling success introduced to the theatre by *Young England*. Its heroine, flaunting her virginity round Europe, walks out of a Moscow hotel into the midnight snows, there to fall in with a poor violinist: he has one arm paralysed, so she holds the violin while he plays, and thus intertwined they might live happily ever after, if it weren't that the next reel must rush her off to Paris and to a duel in the Bois de Boulogne with riding whips. Filmgoing can be rich in compensations till the real thing returns.

I don't think Whitebait ever wholly disenjoyed a film; big screens, he discovered, brought the advantage that some corner of them was bound to be interesting. There were shop names in the background. A cloud would pass, a dog lift its leg.

Eyes, imagination, thought were therefore for Whitebait touched in quite different ways from mine. When he came away from a film, especially if it had been a stimulating one, he would receive the street and people with extraordinary pleasure. Sights would rush in unchecked, hieroglyphic movements; a gull diving down in the sunlight to water was seen in the triple convergence of gull, shadow and reflection. But as he walked on, thoughtfulness would creep in and freshness fade; inner compulsion would dull the vision, imposing itself on a scene and rearranging it, requiring words; Whitebait, with a sort of Jekyll-and-Hyde shuffle, would have become Stonier; and I'd buy an evening paper and turn in somewhere for a pint.

More often the disparity between life as it finds its way to the screen and the life round us when we step out from a cinema must make us wonder that film-makers can see so little with the liberated eye. After two wars, a slump, and the congealing of the Welfare State in a Cold War world, London remains a huge untapped source. Fragments have come flying to remind us of all we are missing: the wartime East End of Jennings's *Fires Were Started*. Lorenza Mazzetti's Kafka-like haunting of high-walled lanes in Wapping, Karel Reisz's boys' club on the jaunt, Lindsay Anderson's day in Covent Garden.

For a film critic London is probably the best city to work in, since more good films from all parts of the world find a way there – and more quickly – than anywhere else. By comparison film criticism in New York seems provincial and in Paris over-dressed: the staff of *Cahiers* is often too busy starting fashions or paving the way to film-directorship to take a disinterested view. Nevertheless in London, after a while, one suffers from the absence of creative stimulus. So many good films coming in, so few going out! Do we lack interest and vision for what lies around? Or is it the old cash stranglehold still in command? Production sheets, closed circuits, censorship, the popular press and the public, all seem united against talent; and the feeling can weigh heavy on a Monday morning devoted to the latest British farce.

Otherwise the critic's worst worries are his distance from professionalism (a novel reviewer could at a pinch write a novel, but can *I* direct a film?), and the tyranny of the column. Week after week it has to be filled; and sometimes there's too much and sometimes not nearly enough, so that a film scarcely deserving notice gets pride of place. This makes continuity of criticism difficult, and the journalist can hardly help developing tricks to entertain and to tide himself over. It's an advantage to know a bit more than you let on.

Whitebait's firm intentions are to try a cine-camera, and write the film-script he has always meant to, and not to collect his articles.

Big Soft Betti

ROGER GELLERT

A blank week in the West End gives a chance of looking further afield. During September a young management mounted three enterprising productions at the Oxford Playhouse. I missed their first show but heard well of it. For their second and third productions they put on Ugo Betti's *Irene* and a new play by Henry Livings called *Big Soft Nellie* – which at least showed catholicity of taste. Both plays are highly tricky, needing prodigious emotional (for the Betti) and stylistic (for the Livings) virtuosity; unhappily, they got rather heavy-handed treatment.

Irene is an awful piece anyway. It begins well enough, with the author's familiar tantalising aroma of nastiness in woodsheds, as an ambitious young *carabiniere* arrives at a remote Italian village to investigate fraud in the Mayor's office; he is soon compromised and seduced by the chief suspect's daughter Irene, a beautiful, innocent cripple who also contrives to be whore to the entire local peasantry. In spite of being described as grotesquely deformed, with insect-like protuberances, she is apparently all right in the dark, and our hero notices nothing amiss; when he is told the facts by the others, Irene throws herself off a bridge in despair, and the young man cheers her dying moments by marrying her on the spot. The odd mixture of sentimentality and sexual disgust is far from appetising, and an uneasy performance by Dinsdale Landen as the *carabiniere*, with sub-standard support and a clumsy, stolid production, dealt the *coup de grâce*.

Henry Livings, who made an epic hero out of an elderly lavatory attendant in his earlier piece *Stop It Whoever You Are*, is a very different sort of writer. The hero of *Big Soft Nellie* is Stanley, a slightly unhinged mechanic in a radio shop; driven up the wall by the pullulating inhumanity of his colleagues, Stanley (a sort of comic Woyzeck) asserts himself by motivelessly stealing the huge empty cabinet of his boss's TV set; after hurling himself into the arms of the Law, he is deified in a vaudeville finale as The Sacred Nit.

Spry as a beagle, acrobatic as a flea, the play veers benignly between fantasy and twitching behaviourism; and while almost bare of emotional content, it cannot be dismissed as a crude music-hall romp, which is all Vida Hope's production let it be. An extremely talented cast burst their braces with overplaying and North-country slapstick, making the work of a genuine eccentric look aimless and banal. James Booth, who could have been a superb Stanley, was merely grotesque, and only Griffith Davies hit the right note as his useless assistant, a gnat-brained boy, dedicated to bird-watching and judo.

Altogether more stylish is an amateur production (by David Jones of *Monitor*) of Beckett's *Endgame*, at the Tower Theatre, Canonbury, N1. I know that Beckett's geriatric obsessions have gone too far, and the critical wind has inevitably turned against him; but I remain obstinately impressed and moved by his plays at least, and especially this one, which to me is funnier than *Godot* as well as more terrible. It is salutary, on occasion, to face life at its impossible nadir, a dead and loveless world, with no consolation but stoic wit. In these days, too, there is something almost cosy about it, simply because it stops short of actual annihilation. There remain memory, an exquisite style, and a certain squalid dignity. The ritual is beautifully enacted in this performance; Fred Radley was outstanding as Clov, with the saddest and most desperate old face I ever saw in a theatre.

MORALE IN THE CIVIL SERVICE
a study of the DESK WORKER
Nigel Walker
Reader in Criminology Oxford formerly an Assistant Secretary in the Civil Service.
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EDINBURGH

Caprices de Renoir

JOHN COLEMAN

Renoir's *La Règle du Jeu*, made in 1939, has long been cited as one of his finest films. The awkward fact is that it may really be two or three of his finest: its cinematic history is as complex as its ramifying plot and the present Academy screenings (11 p.m. nightly) are the first opportunity the general public has had to see it as it was originally made. Three times lopped, hissed at its premiere, bombed – inadvertently – by us, finally resurrected by a couple of French cinéastes, it has only been shown in pristine form on two previous occasions – at Venice in 1959 and at the National Film Theatre last year. Such a disastrous record should inspire every lover of Renoir's work to rush to the Academy before it burns down.

The rewards are rich and confused. Hazily inspired by Musset's *Les Caprices de Marianne*, the film has an intricate formal patterning, a rhythm of change-partners, that enraged the first audience (who saw it as an onslaught on high society) into mob action: they didn't like the Marquis and his wife being played by a Jew and an Austrian, either. Time softens this and it would be hard to discern a radical critique today. The doll-faced nobleman (superbly played by Dalio) and his country house guests and servants are relished as much as pilloried. Tone fluctuates throughout, the natural jostles the fantastic, the complete version shows the gentle, gauche Marquise confessing two loves in a matter of minutes.

At moments, however, it flares into white-heat. The fierce images of the hunt – loping rabbits stunned by a rifle-crack into idiot lumps of fur – impose themselves over the rest. Again, there is a constant stitching of objects (the Marquis's mechanical toys) and verbal themes ('*Elle a de la classe, et ça se perd à notre époque, ça se perd*') into the neatly printed canvas of affairs: one is forced to say 'yes' while the head says 'hardly'. It is a work of dazzling intermittencies, and something of a critical bugbear. The physical presences of Carette as a poacher, of Mila Parély as the stylish mistress, of Renoir himself as the plump *pique-assiette* Octave, keep looming through the chill of fantasy into real pain, real laughter. I suppose one might call it a triumph of directorial persuasion that one should go out sensing a unity where there are probably only parts.

Of Stars and Men, an hour-long cartoon made by John Hubley and shown at the NFT, joins Gabrieli trumpet music and dancing crystals, cute animals and a cute kid (Man), backgrounds out of Braque and a chic school primer, supplying a semi-informational outline of us and our place in the universe. Always varied and pleasant to the eye, it holds one gem: the spinning activity of protons and neutrons into atoms, molecules and so on, right up to the galaxy of galaxies – a visual link that only the cartoon could achieve, and it comes like a flash of truth. An earnest Mid-Western commentary does occasional damage, partially redeemed by the two sportive children who appear: the voices are those of the Hubley children and they sound in their blithe way as if they had been asthmatically imprisoned in a giant milk-bottle.

If the 11 o'clock showings at the Academy curtail your normal sleeping-habits, you can catch up during the rest of the week's offerings. Running in tandem are two ABC general releases: *Murder She Said*, and *The Honeymoon Machine*. The first is ex-Agatha Christie, Margaret Rutherford is Miss Marple solving a dreary crime, the initial five minutes hold: after that, it is amateur night at the youth club. If it mattered, tarnished reputations would include those of James Robertson Justice and Ronald Howard. The second is filmed in what might be Edible Color, everyone appears to have come out of tins, and contains 15 widely separated moments of comedy. A Navy electronic brain is used to break the bank at roulette, nearly precipitating a war. The third turnip of the week is an odd piece called *A Matter of Who* (Coliseum), devoted to the proposition that smallpox is funny if Terry-Thomas is hot on the trail of its carrier.

Taking over after William Whitebait is a chastening business. Criticism of the calibre offered to NEW STATESMAN readers over the past 20 years is in itself part of the history of the cinema: certainly a rooted part of my own experience of film-going. Revisiting some of his weekly pieces recently, I've been struck above all by their brilliant thrift. To twist Eliot's dictum, their prose has the virtues of good poetry, often evoking and judging in a single cunning act. One can only hope, despite Mr Stonier's present reluctance, that they won't be left to must in files.

MJQ

FRANCIS NEWTON

When Duke Ellington retires, the only man who could possibly wear the jazz coronet with comfort is John Lewis, whose Modern Jazz Quartet has just begun its third British tour. That is the measure of Lewis's talents, though not of his achievements. He has proved, alone among modern jazz composers of quality, that he can keep together a group: this is as essential for good jazz composition as for good ballet. Like most good composer-leaders he is a pianist – a better one than the Duke, for the piano, linking rhythm and melody instruments, is the obvious command-post within a creative band. He has the intelligence and emotional control to think of the sound not as he would personally blow it if he could play all instruments (the fatal limitation as composers of the natural soloists in jazz, even when, like the late Bird Parker, they are much greater men than Lewis), but as a general design. He has, it need hardly be said, plenty of talent and, like the Duke, immense ambition. Half-success in more ambitious genres – long tone poems with Ellington, 18th-century pastiches with Lewis – are the necessary and cheap price for their success within jazz. No accusation has ever been sillier than the one that he tends to lose contact with the roots of jazz.

Why then has Lewis's achievement been so much more modest than Ellington's, and so much more boring? For it must be admitted that even discriminating judges can feel about the MJQ what the apocryphal editor felt about Switzerland, when he offered his readers one week's holiday in that beautiful country as the first prize in a competition, and two weeks as the second. Much of this monotony is due to the nature of the quartet. Even genius could only extract a limited variety of sound out of piano, vibes, bass and drums, especially with players who, however brilliant, are bound to repeat their favourite strokes over the years. The repertoire of icy rustles, neatly snapping twigs and the precision-gauged crescendoes of the excellent drummer Connie Kay is now very familiar.

Much of it is also due to Lewis's reticent classicism. Exploration within a rigid set of conventions will always seem less interesting than more adventurous travelling; and even the adventures of the one great soloist of the quartet, Milt Jackson, are narrowly circumscribed by the virtual impossibility of varying the glass-bell sound of the vibes otherwise than by changes in volume and attack. Some of it – a diminishing amount – is also due to Lewis's old longing for a fusion of jazz with the well-bred noise of the traditional gracious life of Europe (first mainly French, later more Italian in style).

Of course the MJQ is not really monotonous; compared to a great deal of the swinging neo-bop which is at present the fashion, it is a model of originality and surprise. Of course Lewis has superb achievements to his credit, including perhaps the best jazz soundtracks to date. Of course the MJQ's fusion of composition and collective improvisation and its perfect teamwork remain unapproached. But is it not time for John Lewis to consider whether he is employing his great talents to the best purpose?

One way of widening his range is suggested by the MJQ's performance of an Ornette Coleman composition, which demonstrated

This weekend in

THE SUNDAY TIMES

The Nuclear Dilemma for Britain and the West

SUICIDE SURRENDER OR SURVIVAL?

Spring, 1960. From the windows of a missile base on the Atlantic coast a group of American Air Force officers see with horror that a nuclear missile has set itself for firing . . . its nose points skywards ready for take-off . . . fumes stream from its tail. . . . Fiction? No, frightening fact . . . an accident that could have started a nuclear war. By a near miracle the tragedy was averted. Now the story is told in a penetrating analysis of the perils and possibilities in nuclear armament and disarmament—the risks of nuclear war—the course that a conflict might take—the probable outcome. And the writer goes on to advocate an entirely new approach to disarmament.

Dr. Bronowski *predicts:*

THE SEA BEAST OF THE YEAR 2000

A.D. 2000 is less than 40 years away. By the time it arrives the world's population will have almost doubled. How will they all be fed? Dr. J. Bronowski, writing in The Sunday Times this weekend, foresees: new strains of cereal crops . . . methods of de-salting water to make food plant life possible in arid countries . . . the possibility of breeding a new kind of sea-going beast. . . . Bronowski's version of tomorrow makes exciting reading today.

What makes an actor great?

Sir John Gielgud answers this question put to him by Harold Hobson, The Sunday Times theatre critic, in a remarkable conversation piece in which he ranges over his wide experience of the theatre and theatre personalities.

SPORT & SPORTSMEN

A big weekend for sport—and for The Sunday Times: James Wilson in Belfast for the first soccer international; Ian Peebles (on the day the M.C.C. team flies off on a strenuous Test Tour of India and Pakistan), writing about great pre-war India tours; Henry Longhurst reporting the Ballantine golf tournament at Wentworth; the Horse of the Year Show; . . . a great sports week and a great sporting team to bring it all home to you.

THE SUNDAY TIMES

in every way a worth-while newspaper

Lewis's brilliant ability to clarify the wild romantic originality of this much-misunderstood avant-garde saxophonist while introducing new ideas into his group. One way of not doing so would be to move towards the strings, hitherto always fatal to jazzmen. But perhaps the really vital question for Lewis is, whether he can afford to exclude – except as occasional guests unfamiliar with the customs of the house – all those wonderful and wide-ranging brasses and reeds from which Ellington has drawn so much lasting strength. They are harder to fit into Lewis's tightly controlled musical framework. Moreover the larger band they imply is at present economically disastrous, while the small chamber jazz ensemble of the MJQ type has proved its viability. But the question remains.

Absent Friends

DAVID DREW

Of all the European Festivals, the one in Berlin has always had the sternest of justifications: without any tendentious planning, its display of Western cultural values derived much of its purpose from the 60,000 or so visitors who used to come to the Festival from East Berlin. But now those 60,000 must stay behind the hideous little wall which looks like a field latrine improvised for an army encampment. The only cultural revenge available to them is to attend Felsenstein's production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at the East Berlin Komische Oper, and laugh, if they do not cry, at Wall in the Play Scene:

> And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
> Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper . . .

So the Festival has had to resign itself to losing its dearest guests. In the nature of things it could never have been a very happy occasion, though it might have been a rather bitterly powerful one. But luck too has been missing this year, and its absence marked even so auspicious an occasion as the opening of the new Deutsche Oper.

The building itself is most impressive. In some respects – the acoustics, the relationship of the audience to the stage and the auditorium to the great foyers – it is, I think, a masterpiece. But the greatness of an opera house does not depend on such things, and one had hoped that the opening production – *Don Giovanni* – would be an augury of what lies ahead artistically. In the event, one could only pray that it was not. The first fault lay with the conductor, Ferenc Fricsay, who is General Music Director of the new Opera House. By no stretch of his fundamentally Bartokian imagination could Fricsay achieve the likeness of a born Mozart conductor. When he is successful in Mozart, it is on a purely technical level. Those who find his commercial recording of *Don Giovanni* at least tolerable in parts, would not even have had that cold pleasure at the Berlin performance. A more lifeless performance I have never heard in a major opera house. Moreover, it was cripplingly miscast throughout, except for Donald Grobe's Octavio. Fischer-Dieskau commands respect in everything he does, but his whole musical temperament is unsuited to the role of the Don.

Wieland Wagner's new production of *Aida* was distinguished by the very remarkable singing of Christa Ludwig as Amneris. Although I was only able to see the second and apparently less presumptuous part of the production, the lesson was clear: the extent to which Wagner's pseudo-modernistic settings have no real artistic motivation is infallibly betrayed by the antiquated idiom of the stage movements and gesture.

Aida was conducted with great breadth and disturbingly Germanic intensity by Karl Böhm, whose performance of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony at the opening concert of the Festival was the one blazing triumph of the first week's music. It is a cliché to describe certain performances as unforgettable, but reading the score many days after that performance, I find that Böhm's apocalyptic vision of the symphony has left an indelible mark. At the concert one had the feeling that it was something quite special and unrepeatable, as if the events of the time and place had without warning compressed into a flash of forked lightning and Böhm was, in a literal sense, the conductor. It sounded, and was, and will remain in my memory, something quite extraordinarily and bravely dangerous. True, the heat sometimes grew too great, and the trio of the scherzo was swollen out of all proportion. But heat and light were one. It was, I repeat, a vision.

Other events at Berlin merit discussion and I shall reserve them until next week.

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Magritte

DAVID SYLVESTER

The *TV Times* has a page of cartoons each week most of which have something to do with TV. In about half of them, the joke requires getting the image on the screen mixed up with the world outside. For example, a game of darts in a pub is interrupted by an arrow fired at the board by an Injun on the television. Thus the kind of joke typical of Magritte's paintings has already become a cliché of popular art, in much the same way as Pirandello's juggling with the worlds of theatre and reality has been inherited by every comedian who gags about the joke he has just told.

Actually, the typical Magritte joke goes a stage further than the one about the arrow and the dartboard. It presents a landscape with a painting on an easel in the foreground, and the painting apparently depicts the piece of landscape which it is obscuring, as if it weren't a painting but a pane of glass. Or does it? Maybe the missing portion of the landscape is quite different? Or maybe it's much the same but the painter has added or subtracted something, as painters do? But even the doubts get into the *TV Times*. In the current issue there's a drawing of a TV set with the screen showing a man asleep in bed; the set has doors, over one of which are neatly hung the sleeper's clothes. But are the clothes his?

It's the hardest test an artist can face: when the sort of thing he does has passed into popular art, do his own works still have striking-power? Magritte's do, I think, on the basis of the eight or ten of his major works included in two current retrospective shows at London galleries – the Obelisk (which shuts during lunchtime, by the way) and the Grosvenor. They stay out ahead of the *TV Times* jokes simply because the logic which they use to reach absurdity is more forceful and far-seeing – comparable, indeed, with the logic which Lewis Carroll brings to problems of semantics in the conversations with Humpty Dumpty and the White Knight.

Carroll, of course, figures large in the pantheon of those the Surrealists have claimed as antecedents, but Magritte is the one Surrealist who has a real kinship with him. This is seen most obviously in their common preoccupation with semantic problems and in their way of handling them – the way they push the conventions of the language to absurd yet plausible conclusions. We are used to the convention that in fairy stories animals and plants speak English, yet it startles us when Alice is addressed by the plum pudding. We are used to the convention that artists design their paintings in such a way that formal echoes are established between unlike things, but it startles us when one of the balls on the dumb-bells held up by Magritte's strong man is itself his head.

But it is the air of innocence, as if nothing untoward were happening, with which Carroll and Magritte present their fantasy in all its forms that is perhaps the most important quality they share. Most Surrealist fantasy – that of Dali or Tanguy or Ernst – is presented in a wondrous atmosphere like that of a gothic novel; Magritte's is set down with the matter-of-factness with which children speak of marvels. Magritte is completely open about his fantasies. With such rare exceptions as *Les Pipes Amoureuses de la Lune* they are not primarily symbolic. They are what they are, so that when he paints a woman's head whose face is her torso (unshaven), the image really is shocking.

There is nothing, then, in Magritte of the esotericism of Ernst or Tanguy, and I think it is just this utter explicitness of his which resolves the dilemma of the Surrealists – an in-group which nevertheless wanted to transform the consciousness of the multitudes and convert them to the faith.

With an artist like Dali, this contradiction led to his presenting more or less esoteric symbols in a sensational, rabble-rousing manner. With Magritte the idea is accessible to all, the presentation perfectly casual – and, in its simplicity and purity, grand. It seems to me that Magritte, more than any other artist of our time, is a genuine popular artist, in that he speaks in a strong, clear voice of wonders and enigmas which matter to everybody. I see his paintings as ikons, the ikons of an Age neither of Faith nor of Reason, but of Doubt.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,650 Set by A. M. Robertson

Competitors are invited to write a paragraph from a standard History of English Literature in 2061 on any three of the following: C. P. Snow, K. Amis, Lawrence Durrell, *Punch* 1945-60, A. J. P. Taylor. Limit 150 words. Entries by 17 October.

Result of 1,647 Set by William Whitebait

We learn that PROs are busy grooming the utterances of MFHs and other hunting folk: such crudities as 'death', 'blood', 'kill' will vanish; and foxes in future will be not torn to pieces but 'disposed of'. In the circumstances some new hunting songs will be required, and competitors are invited to supply them.

Report

'Do you ken John Peel, with his kid gloves on?' hit exactly the right note of tempered jollity and hushed panic. Demoralisation has spread over the hunting field ever since a blythe BBC spokesman, at breakfast time, made 'Pytchley' rhyme with 'richly': what a howl went up over the cherry brandies, horses reared, cars ditched themselves, foxes led hounds on to railway lines to get run over, and one demented pack fled through the streets and ended up racing at Newmarket.

Competitors had an easy run, and some tended to take it a bit too easy. But the best caught a corrective lilt. Joe H. Burnhill led the new John Peels and R. A. Mackenzie stampeded the shires; they share a first prize of two guineas. A guinea each to P. W. R. Foot and Hazel Archard (for her brave new cry – 'Pally-ho!').

Do you ken John Peel, with his kid gloves on,
As he urges hounds on the hunt for the one
Who in lawless foray has certainly done
Great harm to the crops, morn and evening.

His 'View Hallo' is a heartening sound,
And the 'wang' of his whip lifts the scent from the ground.
As the hounds respond to a joy new-found,
With a thought for the crops, morn and evening.

So here's to the hound with the keenest scent,
Also to the purpose on which he is bent,
And the fox himself cannot well resent
Such good care for the crops, morn and evening.

JOE H. BURNHILL

Guerrilla of farms, beware! beware!
Hi! ting-a-ling! she rides!
We're coming to liberate your lair
On postmen's bikes in our bowler hats,
In pin-striped trousers and lavender spats –
The PYTCHLEY PURSUANT VULPICIDES –
Hi! ting-a-ling! she rides!
With carefully toothless muzzled pack,
Disposing-kit and removal-sack,
Under the lark in the rosy dawn,
In through a gate, over beds and lawn,
Hi! ting-a-ling! she rides!

R. A. MCKENZIE

Gently, lords and ladies gay!
To the woods to hunt today;
We can show the marks he made
When with our dear hounds he played;
See that he is brought to bay
Gently; lords and ladies gay.

Softly, softly, chant the lay!
Hunters we who never slay;
Tell them fox and deer with glee
Like a chase as well as we;
Think of this and hunt this day
Gently; lords and ladies gay.

P. W. R. FOOT

The Countryside

EDWARD HYAMS

As world population of *Homo sapiens* increases at the rate of 1.6 per cent – 45 million a year now, 100 million a year by the end of the century – the chances of other animal and plant species surviving grows smaller. Governments express goodwill towards wild animals, and naturalists cry out for their preservation. But it becomes a matter of *lebensraum*, and those who like myself feel that we now have enough human beings, thank you, and ought to leave room for the handsomer beasts, are in a minority. As grazing herds of African herbivores move off the reserves in their annual migrations, the people fall on them and slaughter them for meat. But these and other animals have a much deadlier enemy than hunters: the medical scientists who ensures a higher rate of live births and subsequent survival.

In nature, a species is prevented by food shortage and by predators from multiplying itself until it gets out of balance with the others in its ecological community. Where a species has no predators, either because it is an alien introduction or because the predators have been reduced by some enemy of their own, then the species in question gets out of hand and becomes what we call vermin. In New Zealand at this moment wallabies, originally introduced from Australia, have multiplied to this point for want of a predator: the method being used to reduce or even exterminate them is the one which Australians formerly used to reduce the native population of *H. sapiens*, var. *australis*,

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under Elizabeth & and the Early Stuarts

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the systematic scattering of poisoned baits.

It is fairly easy for *Homo sapiens*, var. *caucasicus* to regard *H.s.* var. *australis* or var. *amerindianus* as vermin. Or vice-versa of course. But it is extremely difficult to regard the whole human species in that light. I can think of only one man in history who managed it, Jonathan Swift; and his wholly anti-human passages are unpleasant to read. But since we have no universally accepted assurance that men are in fact any more important than lice or cabbages, we ought perhaps to make an effort to consider our own species as if it were an alien one.

Last month a Scottish gamekeeper was fined £10 by the Dornoch Sheriff Court for shooting a golden eagle on its nest at Cnoc Mhiche. The golden eagle, one of the rarest of our birds, is also the most splendid. The gamekeeper pleaded that golden eagles prey on grouse and lambs. In such cases the wild species should be represented by counsel, paid for by the Crown. In this case he might have said something like this: 'My clients admit that they eat grouse; they have been doing so since long before gamekeepers evolved and have a prior claim. They also admit that they sometimes take a lamb to feed their young; they consider this a fair exchange for the rabbits of which disease, spread by man, has robbed them. Your Honour, my clients are and long have been helpful to gamekeepers in preying on cats gone wild, on weasels, stoats, rats and crows.' Counsel's concluding argument might have been: 'There are several thousand breeding pairs of gamekeepers in the country, but only 250 breeding pairs of golden eagles. I submit, your honour, that *sub specie aeternitatis*, it would be better if golden eagles were killing gamekeepers than gamekeepers golden eagles.'

Christians and Communists take the view, borrowed from the Judaism of which they are both derivatives, that all the non-human species were specially created, whether by the Word or by evolution, for *Homo sapiens* to do as he liked with; and that they must, therefore, give way if he chooses to multiply himself at their expense. Buddhists, I believe, make no such distinction; as far as I can see, killing animals must, for them, mean a swifter turnover of the available supply of souls and serious interference with their whole system of earthly lives as a series of purgatories. We are left with the rationalists, and they are slowly facing the fact that if we decide not to give absolute and unconditional priority to man, but to let the other species live too, we can do it only by limiting our own numbers.

We can do this now; or we can, in about a century, become our own predator, preying on each other. But it will have to be done far more thoroughly than hitherto; the last two world wars may have killed 50 million people, about one year's annual increment. Not nearly enough; and the wrong sex. The malthusian wars will have to aim at killing women, not men. And we must not, of course, do it with nuclear weapons, for that would involve killing the other species.

When Eugen Diederichs Verlag published a book of mine called *Soil and Civilisation* in German, they renamed it *Der Mensch – Ein Parasit der Erde?* Must we, soon, take away the question mark?

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TAURUS

Sterling is stronger and share prices weaker than they have been for nearly 12 months. But times change, attitudes alter. Cato became equity-minded long ago and Grandma no longer uses the exchange-rate to measure national greatness; even *The Times* has not yet published a graph correlating the rise in retail prices with sales of yellow golliwogs. The City, having lost its pristine knack of switching easily out of the raptures and roses into the lillies and languors, is feeling rather bored and miserable.

Share prices are going down because a few people are selling and nobody at all is buying. The insurance companies and pension funds which account for most new investment are being hard put to it to cope with the flood of new issues – more than a third up, so far this year, on the high level of 1960, and still rising; the private investor, far from being encouraged to speculate on credit, is now being pushed hard to reduce his overdraft (bank overdrafts fell by over £100m in September for the second month running); and there is little in the news to induce trustees to rush out of gilt-edged and buy equities instead.

The results of Imperial Chemical for the first half of 1961 are a case in point. It is true that they are a good deal better than was feared – the volume of sales a record, the value of turnover much the same as in the booming first half of 1960, and profits, for all the further drop in margins, not too far below those earned in the second half; the foreigners who sold in advance of the results were undoubtedly over-pessimistic, and the ICI employees, who are soon to receive 2½ million shares under the company's profit-sharing scheme, may now have learnt more about the market's antics than the professionals give them credit for.

But ICI is a symbol of something which is happening generally. It is not simply that large, old-established companies can go wrong: the experience of Associated Electrical and Cammell Laird has caused sharp changes in the definition of a blue-chip. It is that large, efficient companies, in rapidly-expanding industries, may combine increasing sales with static or falling profits. What is good for the economy, it seems, is not necessarily good for the investor; growth is a more ambiguous idea, and investment a more difficult business, than it appeared when almost everything was booming.

The City is rubbing its hands about Mr Cousins. It is ready to listen politely to anything of interest which Mr Lloyd has to say at the Mansion House dinner. But it is mainly preoccupied at present with the question of profit margins.

★ ★ ★

Sterling, despite the continuing payments deficit, has remained strong. It is clear that the speculative leads and lags of the spring are now being reversed on a considerable scale, and it seems likely that a certain amount of hot money has already begun to move back into London. The gold reserve, everyone expected, would turn out to have risen sharply during September. The Treasury, however, has chosen to cocoon events in secrecy: just as the gold figures published in the spring were meaningless because the public was not told how much help was being received under the central bankers' agreement, so the September

figures are meaningless because we do not know how much of this help was repaid during the month. The odds are that a good deal was repaid, that the reserve would otherwise have risen sharply, and that Mr Lloyd is now busy wondering how to meet US demands for a cut in Bank rate without letting his supporters jump to the conclusion that the great pre-election spree is imminent.

* * *

Grandma's latest *Bulletin* is largely taken up with the Basle arrangements: its suggestion that this experiment was essentially short-term and implied eventual recourse to one of the (which is the other?) sources of long-term credit, and its eulogy on the power wielded by central bankers 'when, as was the case on this occasion, they are in agreement about the aim to be pursued', can be read as ironical comment on the bitter division of views between central bankers which became apparent at the recent meeting of the International Monetary Fund. It may have been right to read a similar deadpan irony into an article which appeared in the previous *Bulletin* about the problem of providing long-term finance for exports – an article which hinted that the investment habits of insurance companies were somehow involved.

The newspapers have now taken to advertising complaints from merchant bankers that insurance companies are failing the exporter. It is quite true that insurance companies do not much like this kind of business and that many of them, partly because of the zeal with which they have plunged into property speculation, are temporarily hard up. The merchant banks (and Grandma, for that matter) are in a strong position, because the insurance companies are extremely sensitive. They took, collectively, a new interest in public relations when *The Irresponsible Society* suggested that it was wrong for so large a part of the national savings to be in the uncontrolled hands of a few, commercially-minded investment managers: and the PR firm which tries to make us love the East German government does the same for the Life Offices Association. But if Titmuss is dangerous, exports are dynamite. The insurance companies cannot afford publicity which suggests that their investment conventions are jeopardising the balance of payments.

Company News

Electric & Musical produced the same sort of results as ICI: the Morphy-Richards acquisition was unlikely, owing to the price-cutting war in refrigerators, to be immediately profitable; but earnings on the larger capital have fallen only from just over 39 to just under 34 per cent.

Glaxo's results were regarded as encouraging by the most jaded operator – pharmaceuticals were thought to have suffered quite as much from international price-cutting as bulk chemicals, the company's half-year statement had been ominous, and the share price had fallen by a third from its peak. In fact, making what allowance one can for the acquisition of Evans Medical, the fall in profits is a good deal less than had been feared. But for Glaxo, as for ICI, the end of price-cutting has still not been reached.

London Brick, a company which has regularly profited by keeping the expansion of capacity behind the expansion of demand, is to cut the price of common bricks by one and a half per cent. The cut, the company suggests, will be generally welcomed as a deflationary step: it will knock about £1 off the price of a new house.

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The Chess Board

No. 621. The Blessings of Hindsight.

No one of us would deny such blessings at any time; least of all when the hindsight reaches as far back as 118 years and when its interpreter happens to be none other than our reigning monarch, Mikhail Botvinnik. Here then are his comments – and I'll quote every one of them – on St Amant-Staunton, played in Paris on 21 October 1843.

1) e4, c5; 2) f4, e6; 3) Ktf3, Ktc6; 4) c3, d5; 5) e5 [By transition they have now reached a variation of the French Defence]. Qb6; 6) Bd3, Bd7; 7) Bc2, Rc8 [Staunton deals with the opening quite soncha!antly]; 8) 0-0, Kth6 [More obvious would have been . . . Kte7, followed by . . . h5, so as to establish the Kt at f5; but the text-move, as will soon appear, is not so bad either]; 9) h3, Be7 [Staunton merely thinks of his development, dodging the interesting complications even now available by . . . Ktf5; 10) g4, Ktg3; 11) Rel, c4†; 12) Kg2, Kte4; 13) Bc4:, de:; 14) Re4:, Kte 7, etc.]; 10) Kh2 [He might have considered g4, so as to restrain the Kth6]. f5; 11) a3, a5–12) b4, Ktf7; 13) d4 [a very obvious move in view of the threat of . . . g5, h6; 14) Re1, g6 to counter White's threat of Bf5:]; 15) Ktn3, cd4: [That way, what with the Black Queen available for covering e6, Black will be able to play . . . g5 without fear of Bf5:]; 16) Ktd4:, Ktd4:; 17) cd4:, g5; 18) Krh5 [A tactical manoeuvre that might have led to considerable complications, Bb5:]; 19) ab5:, Rc4; 20) Bd3, Rc8 [What a pity! He shouldn't have funked it half way. Black could cheerfully sacrifice the exchange by . . . Rd4:; 21) Be3, gf4:; 22) Bd4:, Qd4:; He would have been two pawns up to say nothing of the advantage of different-colour-Bishops. After 23) Ra5:, Kte5:!; 24) Ra8†, Kd7; 25) Rh8:, Ktd3:; 26) Rh6:, f3; 27) Re6:, Bc5; White would have been in trouble. As it happened, St. Amant has a fairly safe game]; 21) Be2, gf4:; 22) Rf1, Kte5; 23) Bf4:, Kte4; 24) Rc1, Rc1:; 25) Qc1:, Kd7; 26) Qe3, Bg5; 27) Bd3, Rg8; 28) Be4:, de4:; 29) Bg5:, hg5:;30) Qb3! [White's threat of d5 might well endanger the Black King, but Black has quite some counterplay]. g4; 31) Rd1? [This passive move will cost White the game, Black now getting the initiative for an irresistible attack. Of course, 31) Rf5: wouldn't have been good for White either on account of . . . Qd4:!, but White in lieu of his poor text-move might well have played 31) d5!], gh3:; 32) Qh3:, Qd8!; 33) d5, Kc8! (Rh87); 34) Qc3†, Kb8; 35) d6. f4; 36) Qc5 [White has no longer any good moves]. e3; 37) Qc2, Qh4†; 38) Kg1, Rc8; 39) Qe2, Rh8 and White resigned; Botvinnik's final comment being that, while the positional judgment of those ancient masters would seem to be remarkable, no modern grand-master would run away from the tactical possibilities dodged by Staunton.

Now here (Udovcic-Bilek, 1961) is a rather more modern case of hindsight. /4r3/p1p3bk/1p4pp / 1P1Bp3 / 2P2q2/3bRPRr/PB5P/4Q2K/. White had just played 36)Rg3 and Black, in terrible time-trouble, could merely see that . . . Rg3:;37) hg:,Qf5;38) g4 would cost him a piece. Failing to see the saving grace . . . Bf5! he went in for . . . Qh4;37) Rh3:,Qh3:; 38) Rd3:, whereupon despairing Bilek tried . . . e4!! and was soon amazed to see his game saved. After Be4:(best),Re4:;, what with that mating threat on f1 the sequel was 40) fe:,Qd3:;41) Bg7:,Kg7:; and the two exhausted warriors agreed on a draw. And there (in the light of hindsight) was Bilek's greatest mistake, for he might well have tried to win the ending.

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which Black, by one shrewd move made sure of winning a piece. For 6 and 7 ladder-points both **B** and **C** are wins; the former a neat King-hunt, the latter a pretty show of weaving a mating-net. Usual prizes. Entries by 16 October.

A: v. Henning 1934

B: Korolkov: /5k2/4bP1P/B7/5P2/1p5p/4pPB1/1q6/4K1R1/.

C: Nestorescu: /2Ktk1b2/1r1P4/8/6R1/8/3K4/7B/8.

REPORT on No. 618. Set 15 September

A: 1) . . . Bc6:; 2) dc:??, Bd4†; 3) Kh1, Re1†!! etc.

B: 1) Ktb6!, h 4; 2) Ktc4! (Ktd5?), Kf2; 3) Kte5!, Kg3; 4) Ktc4! Kf2; 5) Kte5, Kg3; 6) Ktc4 etc (White mustn't allow the Kt to get to e3 or g4).

C: 1) Rb4!, Qc8; 2) Rb8, Qb3; 3) Rh8!, Kth4; 4) Rh4:!, Qc8; 5) Rh8!, Qb7; 6) Rb8, etc.

Not so easy. Prizes: G. Abrahams, E. Allan, R. C. Chaturvedi, M. P. Furmston, M. B. James.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 478

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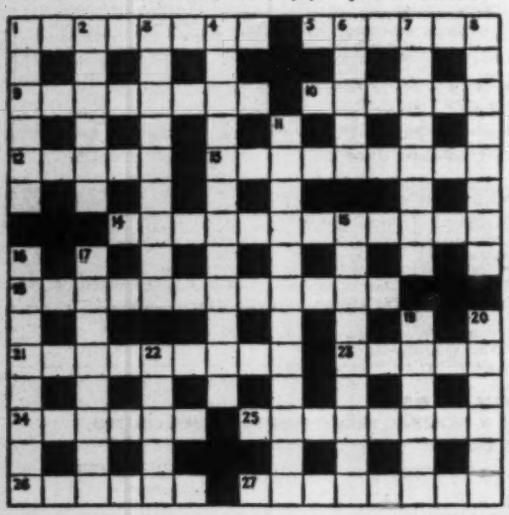

ACROSS

1. Titles held by a strange lord in a foreign town (8).
5. Foreign town viewed after hostilities (6).
9. Stroke of a man caught in the leg region (8).
10. Type an article for William perhaps (6).
12. Song in Billy Richards' repertoire (5).
13. I celebrate with a girl and a product of sturgeons (9).
14. Spoil-sport enters a catch I muddled as disastrous (12).
18. Creatures provide food and things for support (12).
21. Place I am near changing beside the river (9).
23. Eat off the land (5).
24. Animal found in rushes (6).
25. 'It was, as I have seen it in his life, A sable ——' (*Hamlet*) (8).
26. Regarded me in action (6).
27. Not even done wrongly round the edge (8).

DOWN

1. Those who used to be healthy expire (6).
2. Measures for sovereigns (6).
3. Seat which provides work for canvassers? (9).
4. Plans of supersonic powers? (12).
6. Together in a deal on garden produce (5).
7. 'There is in souls a —— with sounds' (Cowper) (8).
8. Strange dons in a Scottish town discover something on the airfield (8).
11. Still in operation (12).
15. The French bear with fairies for us (9).
16. Regal but not quite enough to make one respected (8).
17. Rush madly and die with paradise incomplete (8).
19. Sound an animal makes over colour when tied up (6).
20. When old age comes in to marry it is closely united (6).
22. There is nothing in the plan to cause excitement (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 476

R	E	C	A	S	T			A	L	A	R	M	S	
O		O		T		U		P		O		E		O
B	A	L	L	O	O	N		R	E	C	I	T	A	L
U		O		I		I		O		K		R		D
S	E	M	I	C	O	L	O	N		S	H	A	M	E
T		B		A		O		M		C		R		
	C	O	A	C	H	T	O	U	R	I	S	T	S	
			O		E		N		T					
E	L	E	C	T	R	I	C	C	H	A	I	R		
M		O		K		A		E			N		S	
O	S	C	A	R		L	A	M	P	L	I	G	H	T
S		A		O		I		R		O		R		A
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O		O		C		T		E		S		E		
W	O	R	T	H	Y			C	R	I	S	I	S	

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THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW SOUTH WALES

LECTURESHIPS AND SENIOR LECTURESHIPS IN ENGLISH

Applications are invited for Lectureships and Senior Lectureships in the School of English. Duties will commence early in 1962.

The School of English, under Professor H. J. Oliver, is responsible not only for the teaching of English within the Faculty of Arts, towards the BA and higher degrees, but also for instruction in English as part of the compulsory Humanities programme followed in this University by undergraduates in Faculties other than Arts. Australian and American Literature are included in the courses where appropriate; provision is also made for the study of Language.

For a Senior Lectureship, experience in University teaching is necessary, together with a higher degree or a record of publication in the chosen field; for a Lectureship the minimum requirement is a higher degree or a first degree with Honours. Other things being equal, preference will be given to applicants who have special qualifications in the study of the English Literature of the 17th, 18th, or 19th century.

Salary: Senior Lecturer, £A2,599 range £A3,049 per annum. Lecturer, £A1,779 range £A2,484 per annum. Commencing salary will be determined by qualifications and experience.

After passing a medical examination, successful applicants will be eligible to join the State superannuation scheme. With the approval of the University and its bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a home. Lecturers and Senior Lecturers are eligible to apply for twelve months study leave on full salary after six years of service.

First class ship fares to Sydney of appointees and their families will be paid.

Inquiries concerning the School of English may be addressed to Professor Oliver, Post Office, Box 1, Kensington, New South Wales.

4 copies of applications (including the names of 2 referees) should be lodged with the Agent-General for New South Wales, 56-57 Strand, London, WC2, and a copy forwarded by airmail, in an envelope marked 'University Appointment', to the Bursar, The University of New South Wales, Post Office, Box 1, Kensington, NSW, Australia, before 10 November 1961.

AUSTRALIA

THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW SOUTH WALES

NEWCASTLE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE

SENIOR LECTURER OR LECTURER – DEPARTMENT OF ECONOMICS

The University of New South Wales invites applications for appointment to the position of Senior Lecturer or Lecturer in Economics at the Newcastle University College.

The Department of Economics offers pass and honours courses to undergraduates in the Divisions of Arts and Commerce. In 1961 about 210 undergraduates are taking courses in economics, and there are a number of candidates preparing for higher degrees.

Applicants for appointment as Senior Lecturer should have a higher degree and lecturing or research experience. Appointment as Lecturer is open to applicants with a good honours degree. Special interest in economic statistics would be particularly valuable.

Salary: Senior Lecturer £A2,599 range £A3,049 per annum. Lecturer £A1,779 range £A2,484 per annum.

Commencing salary will be determined by qualifications and experience.

The successful applicant will be eligible, subject to passing a medical examination, to contribute to the State Superannuation Fund.

First class fares to Sydney of appointee and his family will be paid.

Four copies of applications, with the names of three referees, should be lodged with the Agent General for New South Wales, 56 Strand, London, WC2, and a copy forwarded by airmail to the Appointments Section, Box 1, Post Office, Kensington, New South Wales, to reach there before 17 Nov. 1961.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

AUSTRALIA

THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW SOUTH WALES

SENIOR LECTURERS OR LECTURERS

EDUCATIONAL RESEARCH UNIT

Applications are invited for appointment to the above positions. The University of New South Wales has established a Unit to undertake research into its work as an educational institution. Teaching methods, the examination system, the organisation of the curriculum, and the aims and development of Universities in Australia will be among the topics to be studied by the Unit. A research programme into the use of teaching aids, including television, in University education is also planned. The Unit will conduct seminars and study groups on the results of its research.

There are vacancies for Senior Lecturers or Lecturers in all sections of the Unit.

Applicants for appointment as Senior Lecturer should have a higher degree or equivalent qualifications; positions as Lecturers are open to Honours graduates.

Applicants should have had University teaching experience. Formal training in education is not essential, but evidence of interest in and understanding of the problems of University education will be expected.

For one position, a sound knowledge of audio-visual methods is required. Salary: Senior Lecturer, £A2,599 range £A3,049 per annum. Lecturer, £A1,779 range £A2,484 per annum.

Commencing salary will be determined by qualifications and experience.

Successful applicants will be eligible subject to passing a medical examination to contribute to the State Superannuation Fund.

First class ship fares of appointees and their families to Sydney will be paid.

4 copies of applications (including the names of 2 referees) should be lodged with the Agent-General for New South Wales, 56-57 Strand, London, WC2, and a copy forwarded by airmail in an envelope marked 'University Appointment' to the Bursar, The University of New South Wales, Box 1, Post Office, Kensington, NSW, Australia, before 17 November 1961.

THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS

Department of Social Studies

Applications are invited for appointment to two RESEARCH ASSISTANTSHIPS (Salary £800-£850), to be employed in a project: 'Co-operation and Conflict in the Mining and Engineering Industries', supported by the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research. The project is designed to last two years. Applicants should be qualified in Economics or Sociology, and have some experience of Research in associated fields. It is expected that one of the candidates will work in Leeds, and the other in Sheffield. Applications (three copies) together with the names of three referees, should be sent to The Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2, (from whom further particulars can be obtained) not later than 31 Oct. 1961.

HERTFORDSHIRE CHILD GUIDANCE SERVICE

FULL-TIME AND PART-TIME PSYCHIATRIC SOCIAL WORKERS required for this long established and expanding Service. Large establishment with opportunities for working in different teams, analytically orientated. There are seven branch clinics, largely autonomous, with co-ordination at parent clinic at Hill End. Emphasis is on treatment and opportunities given to develop special interests. Excellent liaison with other social services and active social worker groups in the County. Accommodation available in St Albans. Whitley Council salary and conditions. Travel allowance, if own car. Applications stating age, qualifications and experience and naming two refs to Medical Director, Hill End Clinic, Orchard Gates, St Albans, Herts.

SURREY COUNTY COUNCIL

APPOINTMENT OF PSYCHOTHERAPISTS

Applications are invited for the full-time appointment of Psychotherapist in the Child Guidance Service. Applicants should have had suitable training and experience in psychotherapy. Remuneration will be on Grade II of the Soulbury Scale £1,290 per annum to £1,560 per annum. Applications will be also considered for sessional appointments for which remuneration is at the rate of £2 10s. per session plus travelling expenses. Application forms and further particulars from the County Medical Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

KNOWLE HOSPITAL, FAREHAM, HANTS.

Appointment of a Psychiatric Social Worker (New Post)

Applications are invited for the above appointment to the Knowle Group of Hospitals, which includes the Old Manor Hospital, Salisbury. Applicants must possess a Diploma or Certificate recognised by the Association of Psychiatric Social Workers and preferably should have had some experience. The establishment for the Group consists of 6 Psychiatric Social Workers and 2 Trainees. Good clerical assistance and transport are available to members of the Department.

Both hospitals are associated with the practical work training of Psychiatric Social Workers and other Students from the Social Case-Work Courses from the University of Southampton and with In-service training of Health Visitors and Mental Welfare Officers. Regular Clinical Conferences and discussions are held.

Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience together with the names and addresses of 2 referees should be forwarded to: The Group Secretary, Knowle Hospital, Fareham, Hants.

ST HELIER HOSPITAL, Carshalton, Surrey

Applications are invited for the post of ALMONER, a member of the Institute of Almoners, or Social Worker with Social Science Degree or Diploma. Establishment of six. Good working conditions. Whitley Council salary. Apply to Hospital Secretary.

ESSEX COUNTY COUNCIL

Deputy Children's Officer

Applications are invited for the newly created post of Deputy Children's Officer from candidates with appropriate professional qualifications and wide experience of the work of a local authority Children's Department. Salary £1,645 x £42 (5) to £1,855.

Applications marked 'Deputy Children's Officer' giving full details of age, qualifications and experience naming three referees to be sent to the Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Chelmsford by Friday, 20 October 1961. Canvassing disqualifies.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ADMINISTRATIVE COUNTY OF WILTS

Applications invited from suitably qualified men for post of Child Care Officer. Salary within the scale £665 to £975, according to qualifications and experience. Advanced starting point within the scale for persons holding the Home Office Certificate in Child Care. Application forms and full details from the Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Trowbridge, returnable as soon as possible.

COVENTRY EDUCATION COMMITTEE

YOUTH SERVICE

Applications invited for appointment as Assistant Youth Officer (woman). Candidates should have had experience of work amongst young people and in Adult Education and possession of Degree, Teaching Certificate, Social Science Diploma, or other appropriate Youth Service qualification is essential. Salary scale, Soulbury (Youth Service officers) Grade II £1,070 x £27 10s. – £1,290 p.a. Application forms and further particulars from Director of Education, New Council Offices, Coventry.

RARE OPPORTUNITY FOR EDITORS

Editors needed to participate in unusually exciting publishing venture involving the Sciences; the Arts; History, Geography, Political Science; and biographies of individuals of international importance.

Qualifications should include university education or equivalent, experience in writing and editing, and willingness to learn. Initiative, imagination, and creativeness most desirable. Excellent salaries and opportunities.

Candidates interviewed in London week of 23 October. Write to Managing Editor, WORLD BOOK ENCYCLOPEDIA, Field Enterprises Educational Corporation, 1 Finsbury Square, London, EC2.

ROYAL National Institute for the Blind requires Secretary/Shorthand/Typist for Committee Secretary. Good shorthand/typing essential. Knowledge of Committee work an advantage. 9-5.15. 5 day week. Luncheon Vouchers. Pension Scheme. Write or phone to Staff Sec., 224 Gt Portland St, W1. EUS. 5251.

Why do Quakers...

have no priests; believe that religion is more a question of inward life than outward creed; try to work for practical peacemaking; lay great stress on the importance of education? Why have Quakers often been identified with the search for scientific knowledge, or worked hard for social justice and penal reform?

None of these things has happened by chance. They arise from fundamental beliefs about God and man. For Quakers believe that in each person there is a spark of the divine to which we can respond. That is why Quaker Meetings are based on silent worship, in which all—men and women—are free to speak. Our response will vary; but belief that there is something of God in every man involves us in a kinship with all our fellow men irrespective of race colour or nationality, and in a readiness to respond to the source of all goodness, truth and beauty which men call God.

Quakers are not, as the cereal packets suggest to some, quaintly dressed puritans, or fanatical Sabbatarians who say 'No' to everything from whist to war. Quakerism has always been a modern faith, concerned with *living* a seven-day-a-week Christianity in the world of its day, rather than trying to compress belief into a formula.

If you feel in sympathy with this approach to religion you may like to know more. We will gladly send literature, and if you wish it, the address of your nearest Quaker Meeting.

The Friends Home Service Committee

THE RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

Room C, Friends House, Euston Road, N.W.1

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

RESEARCH FOR GRANADA

Would you like to work on Granada's current affairs programmes like PEOPLE AND PLACES, WHAT THE PAPERS SAY and ALL OUR YESTERDAYS, and on social and political subjects, like INSANITY OR ILLNESS, THE PILL and SHADOW OF IGNORANCE? Are you ready to work odd hours and do unusual jobs? Have you experience that qualifies you for this kind of work? If so, write giving a brief biography to

Norman Price,
Granada TV,
Television House,
Manchester, 3.

NUCLEAR ENGINEERING ABSTRACTS

EDITORIAL ASSISTANT, BSc. or equivalent, male or female, under 30, required for the progressing of texts (incl. typing) and preparation of abstracts. Previous writing experience not essential; training will be given. Five-day week. Minimum initial salary £650 p.a.

Please apply to the Editor, NEA, SILVER END DOCUMENTARY PUBLICATIONS LTD, 9-11 Tottenham Street, London, W1. Tel. LAN. 7447.

AMERICA

Mrs James Davis (ACCS),
Principal
THE OVERSEAS STAFF AGENCY,
RICKMANSWORTH AND
SAN FRANCISCO,
CALIFORNIA.

is available at her office here to discuss suitable child care and secretarial vacancies.

ITALY – posts as mother's helps and au pairs.

Please write to 45 Church Street, Rickmansworth, for an appointment.

UNIVERSITY of Queensland. The University invites applications for the following positions: Senior Lecturer in French. Applicants should hold at least an Honours Degree in French or be graduates of a French university. They should have experience of teaching French in a University and must be capable of speaking French correctly and fluently and of delivering lectures in French as well as in English. They should state the field or fields of French Literature or language in which they are most competent to teach. The Department of French provides pass courses in French extending over one, two or three years of study and a four-year Honours course. A 'language laboratory' is available and emphasis is placed on practical work in French. Senior Lecturer in Russian. Applicants should hold a University degree, preferably an Honours degree, with Russian as a major subject and should have experience of teaching Russian in a university. They must give evidence of capacity to speak Russian correctly and fluently and to deliver lectures in Russian as well as in English. The appointee will be responsible for inaugurating the teaching of Russian within the University and developing courses in the subject. The salary range is £A2,520 – 70 – £A2,870. The successful applicants will be entitled to participate in the benefits available to the academic staff which include FSSU type Superannuation, Housing Assistance, Study Leave and Travel Grants. Additional information on the conditions of appointment, staffing and activities of the Department, together with application forms, will be supplied on request to the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth (Branch Office), Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, SW1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 31 October 1961.

KIVUKONI Adult Residential College, Tanganyika, requires (1) Principal, (2) Tutor. Both posts require University degree, experience in adult education, some knowledge of African affairs. Subjects Politics, Industrial Relations, Sociology or International Affairs, subsidiary Applied Economics an advantage. Three year contracts with family passage; provident Fund. Principal's salary minimum £1,500, Tutor's minimum £1,200. Details available from Secretary, Ruskin College, Oxford, or Secretary, Tanganyika Education Trust Fund, P.O. Box 1976, Dar es Salaam. Closing date 15 November 1961.

SENIOR Clinical Psychologist required for Cranage Hall Hospital, Holmes Chapel, and the Mary Dendy Hospital, Alderley Edge, Cheshire, with one session weekly at Offerton House, Stockport. The work is concerned with mentally subnormal patients of all grades and ages, active industrial units and hostels for rehabilitation, and research projects are in operation. Outpatient work is being developed. Good residential accommodation, suitable for a married person, is available at the Mary Dendy Hospital, which is within very easy reach of Manchester. Salary scale £1,025-£1,425 per annum. Applications stating essential particulars should be sent to the Medical Director, Cranage Hall Hospital, Holmes Chapel, Cheshire.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

GOVERNMENT Social Survey. The Social Survey Division of the Central Office of Information invites applications for posts of Senior Research Officer and Research Officer. The Research Unit is responsible for official sample survey enquiries covering a wide field of social and economic problems with a variety of research methods and maintaining high technical standards. Specialist sections are available for sampling, interviewing, coding and mechanical tabulation, but research officers have full responsibility for the design and reporting of survey work, much of which is published, and are expected to conduct such methodological research as may be required. All applicants should be qualified in one of the Social Sciences, Mathematics or Statistics, and have had research experience. Applicants for the senior posts must be able to produce reports of previous research for which they have had responsibility. The posts which are graded Senior Information Officer and Information Officer are unestablished, but there are regular opportunities for establishment. Salaries are £1,573 to £1,937 and £1,282 to £1,490 respectively. Write, giving age, full details of exp. and quals to Manager (PE.800/PD), Ministry of Labour, Professional & Executive Register, Atlantic House, Farringdon Street, London, EC4.

GOVERNMENT Social Survey. The Social Survey Division of the Central Office of Information invites applications for the posts of Assistant Computing Officers. The Division is responsible for official sample survey enquiries covering a wide field of social and economic problems with a variety of research methods and maintaining high technical standards. The principal duty is the analysis of survey data, using both punch card equipment and an electronic computer. The qualification required is a mathematical background to at least GCE 'A' level or, alternatively, experience in a similar post involving a knowledge of statistical techniques. Some familiarity with computers would be an advantage, but training in programming will be given to successful applicants, if necessary. The posts which are graded Assistant Information Officer are unestablished, but there are regular opportunities for establishment. Starting salary will be fixed according to exp. and quals and will be on a scale rising to £1,214. Write, giving age, full details of exp. and quals to Manager (PE.3611/PD), Ministry of Labour, Professional and Executive Register, Atlantic Hse, Farringdon St, London, EC4.

MIDDLESEX County Council – County Health Dept. Psychiatric Social Workers reqd for skilled casework in community care services. Part-time psychiatric social workers considered. Work is developing in scope & individual interest in various aspects of social treatment is encouraged. More experienced psychiatric social workers have opportunity of learning teaching methods & group supervision. Establishment of 10 psychiatric social workers & County Psychiatric Social Work Organiser. Casework consultation with exper. psychiatric social workers available for newly qualified. PTA quals & salary. Car allowance payable. Prescribed conditions. Particulars & 2 referees to County Medical Officer, Ref. 'S', 3, 5 & 7 Old Queen St, SW1, by 20 October. (Quote H.444 NS).

MIDDLESEX County Council – Education Dept. Psychiatric Social Worker (female) reqd at Ealing Child Guidance Centre, one of team of four. Should hold Mental Health Certificate or approved equivalent. PTA quals & salary £740-£1,000 plus London Weighting up to £40. Established. Prescribed conditions. Application forms (s.a.e.) from Borough Education Officer, 26 Castlebar Rd, Ealing, W5, returnable by 31 October. (Quote H.448 NS)

ASSISTANT Youth Leader, male, required for open Mixed Club Marylebone. Paid, three nights weekly. References essential. Apply Box 6125.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

NORTHUMBERLAND County Council invite applications for the post of Family Caseworker (male or female) with Social Science qualifications for intensive rehabilitation work with selected families. Salary £665 to £975 per annum. The post is pensionable and the successful candidate will be required to pass a medical examination. Applications, stating age, qualifications, experience and the names of two referees, should be sent to County Medical Officer, County Hall, Newcastle upon Tyne, 1, as soon as possible.

SOCIAL Worker required at Belmont Hospital, Sutton, which is a progressive neurosis hospital. The duties of the social worker will be connected with in-patients and out-patients. Whitley Council salary and conditions (London weighting payable). Applications, giving full details as to age, experience, etc., together with the names and addresses of two referees, should be sent to the Group Secretary, St Ebba's and Belmont Group Hospital Management Committee, Group Office, Belmont Hospital, Brighton Road, Sutton, Surrey, as soon as possible.

CLAYBURY Hospital, Woodford Bridge, Woodford Green, Essex. (2,100 beds). Psychiatric Social Worker required for mixed admission unit taking patients from Edmonton area and some rehabilitation work. 'Therapeutic Community' approach to treatment. Well established Social Work Department – PSWs work as members of a staff team, each in a section of the hospital. Further information from Sen. PSW. BUC. 7171. Applications to Physician Superintendent with two references within 28 days.

CALDECOTT Community, Mersham le Hatch, Ashford, Kent. Applications are invited for the post of Social Worker (woman) in the Community. This is a new appointment offering excellent opportunities for a qualified woman to gain valuable experience in a large Residential Community for children deprived of normal home life, many of whom present behaviour problems. Candidates should be between the ages of 25-35 years; hold a Social Science diploma, or a diploma in Youth Service or other recognised qualifications; they should have experience of case-work and first hand knowledge of children and young people. The successful applicant will assist the Hon. Directors of the Community in their relations to parents or County authorities responsible for children. She may also be asked to assist in After Care work with those who have left the Community. She will be responsible for all files and records. Salary £600 (with residence). Further particulars can be obtained from the Hon. Director, Miss Rendel, at the above address.

HOUSEFATHERS and Mothers required young adult spastic centre; active social life, congenial surroundings. Apply Warden, Coombe Farm Spastic Centre, Oaks Road, Croydon.

PADDINGTON General Hospital, Harrow Road, W9. Ward Aides required. Applicants should be of good appearance, well-spoken and used to answering the telephone. 42 hours per week. No evening duties. Apply to Matron.

WORLD University Service. The British Committee invites applications for the post of General Secretary to take office early in December. Graduate 25-40 preferred. Position requires initiative, administrative and organising ability and capacity for public speaking. Some travel in England. Salary range £750-850 according to experience. Further particulars from General Secretary, WUS, 59 Gloucester Place, London, W1. Applications should reach her by 13 October.

LONDON Junior Tutorial School requires in January a full-time tutor to take French and subsidiary History to Public School Entrance and Scholarship standard. Please reply in writing, stating qualifications and experience, to Davies's Tutors, 24 Lyndhurst Gardens, London, NW3.

LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL

WOOD VALE: ELDER ROAD, SE27

CHILD CARE STAFF

WOOD VALE is a short stay reception home accommodating children aged 8-15 years in the care of the Council. The home consists of 4 houses each accommodating 36 boys and one house for 30 senior girls. It has been decided to increase the number of staff in each house and applications are invited for a number of positions in the following grades:

HOUSEFATHER, Class I (in charge) – £655-£700 + £75 responsibility allowance

HOUSEFATHER, Class I (deputy) – £655-£700

HOUSEMOTHER, Class II – £615-£655

HOUSEMOTHER, Class III – £575-£615

ASSISTANT HOUSEMOTHER – £520-£580

(ALL positions: plus £30 for Home Office Certificate)

Applicants, particularly for the senior positions, should have the Home Office Certificate in child care and practical experience in residential child care work. The positions are permanent and pensionable and promotion prospects are good.

Further particulars and application form obtainable from the Children's Officer, (SDO/N/2151/9), The County Hall, SE1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CONSUMER Market Research. Sociologist/Economist required by Attwood Technical Services Limited as an executive for interpreting a series of the most comprehensive household habits surveys ever implemented in the UK. Age about 25 to 30, with knowledge of marketing or advertising preferred. Practical experience in the field of sociological research essential. This is an opportunity to study data from one of the largest operations of its kind for a man who will make an active contribution to this developing area of research. Salary range £1,250-£1,500. Pension etc. Applications, with full details of age, education, qualifications, experience and present salary, should be addressed to: Vice Admiral Sir Guy Sayer, KBE, CB, DSC, Attwood Technical Services Limited, West Halkin House, West Halkin St, London, SW1, quoting reference RP/7.

A LEADING international advertising agency requires a Chartered Librarian/Abstractor for its London Head Office. The work involves the collation of geographical, political and economic data on Britain's major export markets. Duties will include the preparation of abstracts of general economic and marketing information for circulation and limited publication, the maintenance of basic references and press clipping files and the analysis and indexing of all incoming material. Preference will be given to candidates with some background in Economics, within the age bracket 25/33. Write, giving full details of training, qualifications and past experience, to S. H. Benson International Ltd, 129 Kingsway, London, WC2. (Ref. TTCG).

ASSISTANT Art Editor reqd by leading national women's magazine. Top salary and wide creative opportunity for first-class modern layout artist with experience of the medium. 5-day week and pension scheme. Applications in confidence to Box 6107.

BRITISH Student Tuberculosis Foundation, Pinewood Hospital, Wokingham, Berkshire. (Re-advertisement.) Applications are invited for the post of Secretary, which will be vacant shortly. Duties are as the administrator of this student charity and warden of the Student Unit at Pinewood Hospital. Ability to type essential; university graduates preferred. Salary range £650-£800 p.a., according to experience and qualifications. House available, if required. Further particulars on request; applications, giving the names of two referees, should be sent as soon as possible to the Chairman of the Foundation at the above addres.

ASSISTANT Secretary required by the Folk-Lore Society. Must be trained typist, able to handle correspondence on own initiative and deal with figures. Woman over 40 preferred but man would be considered. Write to the Hon. Sec., Folk-Lore Society, c/o University College, Gower Street, WC1.

SOCIAL Worker wanted, preferably social science certificate holder and with CAB experience. Starting salary £600 p.a. Apply in writing, Secretary, Hampstead Council of Social Service, Burgh House, New End Square, NW3.

ARE you interested in people? Wanted, woman over 30 for part-time paid work in a Ldn Family Planning Clinic. Box 5447.

PETER Black, editor of 'Contrast', the Television Quarterly, wants bright, eager part-time secretary. Salary by negotiation. Possibility of other routine work to make full-time post. Written applications please to the Secretary, British Film Institute, 81 Dean Street, W1.

ARE you tired of concrete and chromium? Do you hate rush-hour travel? Come and work in an Elizabethan manor house, complete with oak panelling, a dungeon and a ghost. (But we have pleasant offices and modern lighting). Shorthand-typists wanted at Trade Union Head Office. 35-hour week, 3 weeks holiday rising to 4. Starting salary £12 at age 24. Opportunities for promotion. ASSET, 'Sutton House', 2/4 Homerton High Street, Hackney, E9. AMHerst 4792.

CLERICAL help required 5 afternoons weekly. Interesting and varied work assisting in running charitable clinic. Married woman preferred. Apply in writing to Marie Stopes Memorial Clinic, 108 Whitfield Street, W1.

SHORTHAND-typist for service with Parliamentary Group of large trade union. Salary at 21 years of age £11 8s. rising to £11 18s. per week after six months approved service. Five day (35 hour) week; contributory superannuation scheme; good holidays. Telephone Administrative Officer, VICtoria 7671 for interview.

ACCOUNTANTS, Audit Clerks (Senr & Semi-), Bkkprs, & Kindred Staff £500-£1,500 up. Call Taylor Staff Bureau, Albert Building, 49 Queen Victoria St, EC4, CITy 2781/2912.

PART-time book-keeper, approx. 15 hours weekly, PAYE essential. West End office. Good salary. Box 6106.

SEC.-receptionist, 30/35, for dental surgeon, W1. Sal. £10/£11. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

A FEW Shorthand & Copy Typists, well-educated (secretarial) for temporary assignments. Hours 10.30 to 4.30 or longer, well-paid. Call Ainslies Secretarial Services, 1 Dover St (crnr Piccadilly) W1. HYD. 5995

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CHEERFUL, comfortable, easy-going home and good wage offered to Mother's Help or Nanny, wanted now for Daniel, 4, and Cosmo, 3. New baby January. Daily help kept. 40 minutes West End, delightful house in Iver Village. Write Box 6037.

SHORTHAND-typists. Temporary, 10-5 p.m. GK Bureau, MUSeum 6858.

THE Better job for the Better girl. From Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes Street, Hanover Square, W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

MEDICAL Secretaries & Receptionists urgently required for Doctors and Hospitals. Perm. & temp. M. & S. Agency, 32 Queen Victoria St, EC4. CITy 7131.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

HONOURS grad., Italian with French (1st Class) skS post. 5 years business exp. Interests incl. sciences, music. Box 6004

EXPERIENCED teacher of English to Foreigners, m., 37, available, full/part-time. Fluent French, German, Italian. Also translations, interpreting. Box 6005.

INTELLIGENT young man (18) sacked because Comm. of 100 demonstrator skS job. Can tolerant employer help? Box 6030.

UNUSUAL and interesting position with good salary reqd by intelligent and personable young lady solicitor (honours); willing to consider anything. Box 5870.

DUAL-cultured Blackbrick undergrad., respons. Union post, absent Univ. this year, seeks 6 months work GB. Box 6105.

FELLOWSHIP

BALLIOL College, Oxford. – Fellowship in Management Studies. The College proposes, if a suitable candidate presents himself, to elect to a Fellowship in Management Studies to be taken up in January 1962 (or such later date as may be arranged). The Fellowship will be a Research Fellowship, according to qualifications and experience. Candidates should hold a high Honours degree and experience in industry or commerce, while not essential, will be an advantage. Applications should be sent by 31 October 1961 to the College Secretary, Balliol College, Oxford, from whom further particulars as to duties, tenure and emoluments can be obtained.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School at High Canons, Well End, Barnet. Freedom and self government. Boarders and day children. Boys & girls 7-18 years. ELStree 5560.

KITEBROOK House, Moreton-in-Marsh, Glos. Preparatory School, girls to 13, boys to 9 yrs, beautiful Cotswold country surroundings. Happy, interesting life; personal care for each child's development, progress and health; careful preparation Common Entrance examination; wide range of activities, especially outdoors; riding. Principal: Mrs M. J. McDermott, NFF.

THE Town and Country School accepts a small group of boarders, boys and girls, from the age of five. Emphasis on Progress in Education, especially in the technique of Modern Language Teaching. 38/40 Eton Avenue, NW3. SWIss Cottage 3391. E. Paul, Ph.D.

WYCHWOOD Girls School, Oxford, 10 to University age, small classes, exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self-governing community. Principal, Miss E. M. Snodgrass, MA.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

ACCURATE, expert service. Marjorie Vernon, 34 Newman St, W1. LAN. 0740.

JAY Cory for all typing, duplicating. Bills/Quantity. Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard St, SW1. ABBey 2354/5817.

OUR Service – any job at any time. Duplicating, Typing, Translns, all secretarial work, 24 hr service. Personal attn. Isle Agency, 76c Rochester Row, SW1. VIC. 7333.

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TYPING and Duplicating by Experts. MSS, Plays, testimonials, etc. Metropolitan Typewriting Office, 239-241 Shaftesbury Ave (Oxford St end), WC2. COV. 1817.

MRS Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 26 Charing Cross Rd. TEM. 5588.

ACCURATE professional typewriting, highly recommended by famous authors & publishers. Novels, plays, poetry, theses, etc. Revision/editing. Mrs D. Shirley, 138 Green Lane, Edgware, Middx. STO. 6020.

MANUSCRIPTS typed. Pat Johnson, 12 Bournemouth Rd, SW19. MOU. 6136.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations. 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St, W8. WES. 5809.

DUPLICATING, shorthand, typing, translating. Mabel Eyles, 10 Beaconsfield Road, London, N11. ENTerprise 3324.

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LECTURES etc.—continued from p.496

JOINT Council for the Development of General Education: One-day Conference, Sat. 14 October, at Institute of Education, Senate House, Malet St, WC1. Sessions 10.15 a.m. and 2.30 p.m. Leslie Daiken, on 'The Child's Right to Play', with his prize winning film, 'One Potato', Doris Gould on 'Music in Education', Dennis Young, of SEA, on 'Art in General Education'. Collection.

GLASS Center at Corning – A filmed visit to the home of Steuben Glass; Robert Frost; A New Dance Film. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Thursday, 12 October, at 6.30 p.m. Admission free.

INNER Liberty: Conserving the Creative Imagination in a Mechanised Age, by Peter Viereck, American historian and poet. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Friday, 13 October, at 6.30 p.m. Admission free.

UNIVERSITY College London, Gower St, WC1. Lunch Hour Lectures, 1.15-2 p.m. 10 Oct. 'Sources of Architectural Inspiration' by Professor R. Llewelyn Davies; 12 Oct. 'The Ancient Greek Theatre and its Scenery' by Professor T. B. L. Webster. Admission free. Details of public lectures from Publications Office (send stamped envelope).

18th Century Music in America: John Antes and the Moravians by Eric Walter White, Secretary of the Arts Council. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Wednesday, 11 October, at 6.30 p.m. Admission free.

ARCHAEOLOGY in Russia. Two lectures by D. A. Avdusin (Moscow Univ.): Tues. 17 Oct., 7.30, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1, 'Archaeological Study of Novgorod'; Mon. 23 Oct., 7.30, SCR, 14 Kensington Sq., W8, 'Excavations at Smolensk'. Admission 2s. 6d. each lecture.

LISTENING Meetings. Lecture/Demonstration by Dr Rachel Pinney. Beckenham Town Hall 7.30, Tues. 10 Oct.; Orpington, The Priory Church Hall 7.30, Mon. 16 Oct.; High Wycombe, Speen Village Hall 7.30, Fri. 20 Oct.; Dartford, Temple Hill Community Centre 7.30, Sat. 21 Oct.; Staines, Town Hall Council Chamber 7.30, Mon. 23 Oct.; Saffron Walden, Friends House 7.30, Tues. 24 Oct.; Harrow, Belmont Assembly Hall, Kenton Lane 7.30, Sat. 28 Oct.; Chelmsford, Cannons Restaurant, Duke St. 7.30, Mon. 30 Oct.; Banbury Town Hall 7.30, Mon. 6 Nov.; Horsham Town Hall 7.30, Tues. 14 Nov.; Bromley Central Library 7.30, Thur. 16 Nov.; Dorking Masonic Hall 7.30, Mon. 20 Nov.; Sevenoaks, Cornwall Hall, The Drive 7.30, Tues. 21 Nov.; Norbury, The Library, Beatrice Avenue 7.30, Mon. 27 Nov.; St Albans, Court House 7.30, Thur. 30 Nov.; Romford, The Lorry Hall, Market Place 7.30, Thur. 21 Dec. Apologies for error in date of previous announcement of Horsham meeting.

BLACKHEATH Left Club: Conference Report Kidbrooke Ho., 8 p.m. 13 Oct.

'NATIONALISM Today' – J. F. Horrabin – at Burgh House, Flask Walk, NW3. Sat., 7 October, at 2.45. Hampstead Humanist Society.

MORAL Re-armament explained – H. J. Blackham, BA. Sun., 11 a.m., 8 Oct. Chamber Music Concert, 6.30 p.m. SPES, Conway Hall, Holborn, WC1. Tues., 10 Oct., 7.30 p.m. Debate: Authority v. Freedom in Moral Behaviour – G. Adcock & F. H. A. Micklewright, MA.

PERSONALIST Group. Dr Bryn Thomas on 'The Conception of Justice and the Ecclesiastical Courts'. Conway Hall, Thurs. 12 Oct., 7.30 p.m.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun., 8 Oct., 6.30, Music & Readings, 7 p.m. 'Voltaire and French Tradition Today': Nina Spiller.

R. VEDANTA Centre, 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10: Swami Ghanananda, Suns 5 p.m. Upanishads. Wed., 11 Oct., 7.30, Kingsway Hall, Holborn; Swami Ghanananda How to Attain Self Knowledge

'REINCARNATION, the Key to Psychology'. Public lecture, 8 Oct., 8 p.m. Free literature. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. PAD. 0688.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Sq., SW1. Public Lecture, Wed., 11 Oct., 6.30 p.m. 'Pilgrimage through India & Ceylon' (Illus. with lantern slides), Mr Phiroz Mehta. Sat., 14 Oct., 3 p.m., the Saturday Group (reading, discussion, tea). Send 4s. for 'The Middle Way'. Enqs: TAT. 1313.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London HQ, 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

PROGRESSIVE League and Joint Council for Development of General Education: Joint Conference, High Leigh, Hoddesdon, Herts, 27 to 29 October. 'Education in a Technological Age'; dealing with the possibility of a 'liberal' education today. Dr James Hemming, Edward Britton, Caroline Nicholson, Roy Prideaux. Members, £4 4s., others £4 14s. Full fee to Dr E. A. Secley, 38 Primrose Gardens, NW3.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

'COMMUNISM in Theory and Practice', 13-15 Oct. 'Cosmology', 27-29 Oct. 'The Film in Italy', 3-5 Nov. Residential week-end courses, £3 10s., at Moor Park College, Farnham, Surrey.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures entitled 'Sensuous Aspects of Greek Poetry' will be delivered by Professor W. B. Stanford (Dublin) at 5.30 p.m. on 11 and 12 October at University of London, Senate House, WC1. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

OXFORD Week-end School on Neutralism. 20-22 Oct. Speakers; Judith Hart MP, Stuart Hall, Ian Broomex and others. All YS, YCND, and NALSO members welcome. Apply John Slater, St Catherine's, Oxford.

NEW Universities Brighton 1961 Fabian Conference, Royal Pavilion: 28/29 Oct. Details: Cr Blackwood, YMCA, Brighton.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages, School of English for Foreign Nationals, Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

ITALIAN lessons by expd native teacher; speedy results guaranteed. Box 5764.

SPANISH, Italian, French, German. Small classes for beginners, intermediate, and advanced. Pronunciation with tape recorders. International Language Centre, 40 Shaftesbury Avenue, W1. GER. 9441.

RUSSIAN Classes for beginners commencing 16 October. Full details from Principal, Language Tuition Centre, 26-32 Oxford St, W1. (Tel.: LAN. 1005).

ENGLISH for all examinations. Experienced graduate teacher. MAI. 3031.

FRENCH Conversation Classes. Day, evening and lunch-time classes. Private lessons Beginners to Advanced; all with French teachers. Correspondence courses. Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Road, London, WC2 (opp. Garrick Theatre). (TRA. 2044).

ICI on parle français. Où ici? Eh bien, dans notre revue 'Loisirs', où des jeunes Français vous présentent leur pays. This magazine, designed for the reader with a working knowledge of French, presents lively articles, stories and eyewitness accounts of French life today. Write for a specimen copy of the magazine and details of subscription rates to: Mary Glasgow & Baker Ltd, 140 Kensington Church St, W8.

FRENCH by retired LCC teacher. Write Miss S.N., 154 Westbourne Grove, W11.

TUITION by Post for GCE, Lond. Univ. Degrees, Diplomas, Law, Profess. exams. Mod. fees. Prosp. (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford. (Est. 1894).

INTENSIVE Secretarial Courses. Gregg & Pitman Shorthand. Frances King Secretarial School, 1a Harrington Road, London, SW7. KEN. 4771.

SECRETARIAL Training especially for university graduates, and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secy, Davies's, 158 Holland Park Ave, W11. PARk 4654.

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of Pianoforte playing – Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin, LRAM, 46 Clarendon Rd, London, W11.

WHERE TO STAY

ALL desiring warm, cosy hotel for October holiday should write now for illustrated brochure. Summer lasts longer in the sheltered winter resort which claims 'Britain's best climate'. Accommodation from 8 gns inclusive – no gratuities. Good food. Two lounges (TV). Central heating. Premier position, facing full south. Opposite double deck promenade, near churches, theatres, sunlounge, pavilion. 100 sun shelters. Normanhurst, Sea Front, St Leonards, Sussex.

COTSWOLDS. Guests welcome in simple country hse in lovely valley. 7 gns. Also furn. cottage (suit two). Mrs Collier, Steanbridge, nr Stroud, Glos. Tel. Painswick 2093

MIDHURST District. A charming old Manor house off the beaten track. 4 acres, own produce. Billiards, putting, croquet, licensed bar. Few vacancies for winter residence. Southdowns Hotel, Trotton, Nr. Petersfield. Rogate 93.

DEVON. Old Court, Berrynarbor, Ilfracombe. Centrally-heated Guest House in Old World village, 1 mile Sea. French & English Cuisine. 6-9 gns. per week. Tel. Combe Martin 3066.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comf., rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms, broch., Higham Hse, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Robertsbridge 426.

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BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35 from 52s. 6d. to 90s., partial board. Applic. forms & information: Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Avenue, NW3.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—cont.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 300 double and single rooms, £5 full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon CRO. 2634

HUGE unfurn. room, share k., b., flat ovrlkg Regents Pk. Female/s. Box 6127.

UNEMPLOYED teacher, CND, obliged let rooms, sks congenial tenants, any race. South London. Write Box 6055.

SMALL sgle room, Wandsworth, suit stud. (m.). All facs. 38s. p.w. VAN. 2602.

DIVAN-bed and facilities in small flat W8 offered for the winter to student, any nationality, good refs. Box 6099.

PART Regency house Holland Park available. Own facilities. Man early 60's preferred. Box 5976.

TO let after 5 November charming flat, two rooms, kitchen and use bath, use garden. Georgian house, 1 minute Hampstead Heath. £6 16s. 6d. per week. Box 6064.

RIVIERA: flats to let, reduced winter rates, artist's hse Antibes. Box 6069.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

INDIAN dentist, Engl. wife, child, stud. sister, reqs s/c. 2-bedrmd furn. flat. 8 gns/wk. NW; N; NE dist. MAI. 6689.

YNG grad. from Yorks working Ldn Univ. desp. needs acc. nr Bloomsbury. Partial board or room(s) with ckg facs. Box 6108.

BUSINESS lady, middle-aged, reqs 1 or 2 unfurn. or partly furn. rooms, central London or Kentish Town area. Box 6103.

PROFESSIONAL reqs neat quiet s/c. rm flatlet end Oct. Edgware area. Box 6104.

YNG man, 24, intelligent, civilised, needs acc., sep. ckg facs. N1, NW1, WC1, walking dist. tube. Up to £4 10s. Box 6094.

REQUIRED: large unfurnished room close Hampstead tube station. Box 5996.

S. AFRICAN (Indian) student urgently requires single accom. HAM. 0734.

BACHELOR seeks furnished flat, Luton area. VIC. 4620 after 4, Dr Burdon.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

CAMBRIDGE, modern Span flat for sale. 3 rooms, all conveniences. Saunders, 3 Gresham Road, Cambridge.

COTTAGE outskirts Saxmundham: 2 bed., sitting-rm, kit., outhse, bathrm, main water, gas, overgrown gdn. £800. Box 5998.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

THE Political Basis of Unilateralism. The Future of the Committee of 100 are being discussed in a series of articles from New Left and Committee of 100 contributors in 'Peace News'. This week's issue includes articles by Edward Thompson, John Saville, John Morris and Nicolas Walter; also reviews by Frank Dawtry and Merfyn Turner. 'Peace News' can be obtained from: 5 Caledonian Road, N1. TER. 8248, or ordered through a newsagent.

'WHICH?' reports in October on gas cookers, resale price maintenance, processed cheese and cheese spreads, a new slimming food. 'Which?' independent reports on consumer goods, published by the Consumers' Association, are available on annual subscription only £1 to Dept 6, 14 Buckingham Street, London, WC2.

WHAT offers? Low's Cartoons; supplement to NS 1926; 20, 1933; 12. Complete and in good condition. Box 6007.

'IF Britain Joins'. A short guide to the economic effects of membership of the Common Market. To be published on Monday. Price 6s. (6s. 6d. inc. UK postage). 32 pages. Cash with orders from Press Dept, The Economist Intelligence Unit, 5 Bury Street, London, SW1.

WANTED, autographed letters and manuscripts of Marx, Engels and Lenin, also first editions of Marx, Engels in German, English & Russian. First editions of Lenin in Russian. Good prices paid. C. Abramsky Ltd, 5 Hillway, London, N6.

HAMPSTEAD'S High Hill Bookshop is now open every weekday from 9-7 p.m. Nearly 2,500 paperback titles in stock. 6 High St, NW3. (HAM. 2218).

GERMAN books in 7 rooms (understatement). Libris, 38A Boundary Rd, NW8.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht, R. & E. Steiner (Books), AMBassador 1564.

PERSONAL attention to overseas orders, all types of books. Poole-Bickford, 22 Buckingham St, Strand, London, WC2.

LIBRARIES bought: politics, economics, world affairs. We collect. RIV. 6807. The Hammersmith Bookshop, London, W6.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street, CENtral 3907. Books bought in any quantity: Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

FOOD AND DRINK

GREEK Restaur., White Tower, 1 Percy St, W1. MUS. 8141. Open till 10 p.m.

A GALLON of oil couldn't smooth some troubled waters. But just try a glass or two of El Cid Sherry. That's the wonderful warm-hearted Amontillado that soothes the most ruffled.

OPERA AND BALLET

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
Covent Garden, WC2.
COVENT GARDEN OPERA
9 Oct. at 6 Die Walkure
10, 12 & 14 Oct. at 7.30 Falstaff

THE ROYAL BALLET
11 Oct. at 7.30 Antigone
Symphonic Variations
The Firebird
13 Oct. at 7.30 Ondine
Box Office Tel.: COV. 1066.

THEATRES

COMEDY THEATRE
(WHI. 2578)
Evgs 8, Wed., Sat. 5.30, 8.30
COUNTERPOINT until 16 Oct.
'A Night Out' by Harold Pinter, 'Barnstable' by James Saunders, 'Soldier from the Wars Returning' by David Campton.
'A real 'Night Out' . . . Fine pieces of theatre' – D. Herald.

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Evgs 8, Sats 5 & 8. 'Finders Keepers'. Members.

MERMAID. (CITy 7656). Shaw's 'Androcles and the Lion' and 'The Shewing-Up of Blanco Posnet'. 6 & 8.40.

MOUNTVIEW Theatre Club, 104 Crouch Hill, N8. (MOU. 5885). 'The Playboy Of The Western World', by J. M. Synge. 16-21 Oct. at 7.45 p.m. Members only; membership 7s. 6d. per year.

ROYAL Court, SLO. 1745. 7.30. Thurs 2.30, Sat. 5 & 8.15. Arnold Wesker's brilliant play 'The Kitchen'.

SAVILLE. TEM. 4011. 8.30. Wed. & Sat. 6.15 & 8.50. The hilarious revue success 'The Lord Chamberlain Regrets!' 'Thunderous applause – side-splitting' Daily Herald.

TOWER, N1. (CAN. 3475 9-6, CAN. 5111 6-8.30) 'The Knight from Olmedo', by Lope De Vega. 6, 7 (Mems 8 at 7), 11-14 Oct. at 7.30. Direct from Edin. Festival.

GLASGOW: Genet's 'The Maids' and Ionesco's 'The Picture' presented by Theatre Group, 12 and 13 Oct. 7.30, Bellahouston Palace of Art.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Farquhar's 'The Recruiting Officer'. Restoration Comedy. Fri., Sat., Sun. 7.45. 'A torrent of high spirits', Times. Mems.

ENTERTAINMENTS

5th LONDON
FILM
FESTIVAL

Prize-Winning films from this year's other Festivals

BOX OFFICE OPENS TO MEMBERS
5 OCTOBER (No telephone bookings until 12 October)

Apply

NATIONAL FILM THEATRE,
South Bank,
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WAT. 3232/3

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

ACADEMY (GER. 2981). Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). Mozart's 'Don Giovanni' (U) in col. Cond. Furtwangler.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Nouvelle Vague Survey: Until 8 Oct.: Resnais' 'Hiroshima Mon Amour' (X). From 9 Oct.: Jeanne Moreau in Malle's 'Lift to the Scaffold' (A).

NOW In Space. Unity, The Labour Movement's Great Little Theatre. Folk & Jazz Sessions. Wed. at 8 p.m. EUS. 5391.

CONCERT

'LA Gioconda' by Amilcare Ponchielli. A Voice of America recording of a recent broadcast performance by the Metropolitan Opera. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Tuesday, 10 October, at 6.30 p.m. Admission free.

EXHIBITIONS

THE LINCOLN GALLERY

'ART and ENERGY'

a Schettini retrospective

8 SLOANE STREET, SW1.

GANYMED has several ranges of beautiful and unusual Christmas cards. Send for details or come to 11 Gt Turnstile, WC1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Tapisseries de Petit Format. 12 October-18 November. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s. Members free. ICA Library: Maurice Jadot.

NEW London Gallery, 17/18 Old Bond St, W1. (GRO. 6755). 'The New New York Scene'. 10-5, Sats 10-12. Adm. free.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. Recent Paintings by Norman Adams and J. Bornfriend. Closing 13 Oct. Weekdays 10-5.30. Saturdays 10-1 p.m.

WALKER'S Galleries, 118 New Bond St. Memorial Exhibition of Paintings, Tapestries and Drawings by Percyval Tudor-Hart. Daily 10-5, Sats 10-1.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Michael Ayrton – The Icarus Theme – paintings, drawings and sculpture. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1. Until 28 October. 142 New Bond Street, W1.

LEIGHTON House Art Gallery, 12 Holland Park Road, W14. Pottery Exhibition by Audrey Samuel. 9-21 October. Weekdays 11-6, Saturdays 11-5.

DRIAN Galleries, 5-7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Until 15 October, paintings by Crozier, sculptures by Wall.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Mark Rothko: An exhibition of paintings from 1945-1960. 4 October-3 November. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admn free. Adjoins Aldgate East Stn.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Portraits of Fellows of the Royal Society, 1660-1680. Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Admission Free.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. Anna Meyrson – Recent Paintings. Until 14 Oct. Daily 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

BUTE Gallery. Paul Christie Paintings. 3 Bute Street, S. Kensington, SW7.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Paintings & drawings: Harold Cheesman.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAYfair 4419. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1. Until 21 October. Ronald Moody, Sculpture. Renee Robertson, Kenneth Glenister, Paintings.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

MASTERPIECES of French Painting from the Bührle Collection including paintings by Cézanne, Degas, Gauguin, van Gogh, Manet, Monet, Renoir. Arts Council exhibition. National Gallery. Till 5 Nov. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thurs. 10-8; Sun. 2-6. Admission 3s. 6d.

MODERN Stained Glass. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 4 Nov. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s. 6d.

VISIT Upper Grosvenor Galleries, 19 Upper Grosvenor St, London, W1. Tel. HYD. 3091. Open 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Sats. 10-1 p.m. Old and Modern Masters.

MOLTON Gallery. Michael Werner – Abstracts for Architecture. 4-23 Oct. Dly 10-6, Sats 10-1. 44 South Molton St, W1

WADDINGTON Galleries. Recent watercolours, Larry Bigelow. 10-6. Sats 10-1. 2 Cork Street, W1.

GROSVENOR Gallery, 15 Davies St, W1. Magritte oils and collages 1922-1952. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 9.30-1.

MAX Ernst: retrospective 1909-61. Arts Council exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 15 Oct. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6, Tues., Thurs. 10-8; Sun. 2-6. Adm. 3s. 6d.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Road, N6. Paintings by Ada Flatto. Sculpture by M. Pakenham Walsh. 10-5.30. Thurs. 10-1. Sat. 10-7.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

On the eve of the recall of Parliament
come and support

A PEACE PLAN FOR BERLIN

Central Hall, Westminster
7.30 p.m. 16 October 1961

Speakers will include
LORD BIRDWOOD
RICHARD CROSSMAN MP
THOMAS KELLOCK
PATRICK O'DONOVAN
DR DONALD SOPER

National Peace Council, 29 Great James Street, WC1, CHAncery 3228.
Send s.a.e. for reserved seats.

PUBLIC MEETING FOR MOSCOW MARCHERS
Unilateralists from the USA, Britain and W. Europe have been marching through E. Europe urging unconditional disarmament. They entered Moscow on 3 October. Some of them will be returning via London and will address a meeting on 13 October. Speakers will discuss their experiences en route, the attitude of the peoples and authorities in both West and East Europe, the political problems of the March (including the impact of the Berlin crisis and Soviet resumption of tests on the March) and political achievements.
FRIDAY, 13 OCTOBER, 7.30 p.m.
FRIENDS HOUSE, EUSTON ROAD, NW1. Admission free.

Christians against the Colour Bar

MARTIN LUTHER KING
(Minister of Ebenezer Baptist Church, Atlanta; Leader of the Montgomery Bus Protest)

will speak at the Central Hall, Westminster, on Monday, 30 October, at 7.30 p.m.

Tickets from Christian Action, 2 Amen Court, London, EC4.: 3s. (reserved), 1s. 6d. (unreserved).

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

London New Left Review Club
THE LABOUR PARTY AFTER BLACKPOOL
Stuart Hall, Ralph Miliband
NUR Hall, Euston Road, NW1.
Mon. 9 October, 8 p.m.
Admission 2s. 6d. (Members 1s. 6d.)

THE Royal Institute of Philosophy. The following Lectures will be given at 14 Gordon Square, WC1, at 5.45 p.m. 13 Oct.: Belief and Lack of Understanding, Prof. H. H. Price. 20 Oct.: The Manson Lecture; The Psychology of Aggression, Dr Anthony Storr. 27 Oct.: Hume's Theory of Belief, Prof. C. D. Broad (Trinity College, Cambridge). 3 Nov.: Jevons' Critique of John Stuart Mill, Dr William Mays (Univ. of Manchester). 10 Nov.: Can Moral Philosophy be Neutral? B. A. O. Williams Esq., MA (Univ. College London). 17 Nov.: The Philosophy of Maurice Merleau-Ponty, Dr Colin Smith (Univ. College London). 24 Nov.: Psycho-analysis and Value, Richard Wollheim Esq., MA (Univ. College London). 1 Dec.: Truth, Correspondence and Confirmation, G. J. Warnock Esq., MA (Magdalen College, Oxford). 26 Jan.: Religious Paradox, Prof. Robert H. L. Slater (Center for the Study of World Religions, Harvard Univ.). 2 Feb.: What was Hegel's Main Problem? Dr J. O. Wisdom (LSE). 9 Feb.: Subject to be announced later, Prof. Gilbert Ryle (Magdalen College, Oxford). 16 Feb.: Philosophical Delimitations—Proper and Improper, William Solomon Esq., MSc. 23 Feb.: The Grounds of True Statements, Prof. L. J. Russell. 2 March: Aristotle's Psychology, Sir W. David Ross, KBE, Litt.D, LLD, FBA. 9 March: What Is History? Prof. H. D. Lewis (King's College, London). There is no charge for admission. In association with the Extra-Mural Department, University of London, an Introductory Course in Ethics will be held on consecutive Tuesday evenings from 24 Oct. to 5 Dec. from 6.30 to 8.30. The seven lectures will be given by Mr. W. W. Bartley III, A.M. of Harvard University. The charge for the course is 15s., and for a single lecture 2s. 6d. Those interested should write to the Institute.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Tuesday 10 October, 8.15. Max Ernst. Symposium on current exhibition, aspects of his work. Speakers: Georges le Breton, Jacques Brunius, Toni del Renzio, Robert Melville, Roland Penrose. Chairman: Dr Roland. Members 2s Non-Members 3s. 6d. Restoration of Pictures Part I. Thursday 12 October, 8.15 p.m. Three experts explain methods used and results (illustrated). Speakers: N. Bromelle (Victoria & Albert Museum), A. J. Ruhemann (National Gallery) and Garry Thomson (National Gallery).

MR Gerald Gardiner, QC, will present the case for the abolition of Capital Punishment at the New Jewish Society on Wednesday, 11 October, 83 Chiltern Street, W1, at 8 p.m. Admission to guests 3s. 6d.

ROBERT Graves gives Hillel Foundation Annual Lecture on 'Jewish Myths' Monday, 23 Oct. at 8 p.m. Friends House, NW1. Chairman, David Daiches. Admission ticket only, obtainable: 1 Endsleigh St, WC1.

CANADIANS interested in New Democratic Party meet Thurs. 12 Oct. 8 p.m.: 37 Belsize Park Gdns, NW3. Engs PRI. 1363

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 6 Oct., 8 p.m. Nicolai Orloff: piano recital – Chopin. Fri. 13 Oct., 8 p.m. Dr N. Zernov: 'Kiev Russia'. At French Inst., Queensberry Place, SW7. Tues. 10 Oct., 7.30 p.m. Soviet Films, 1961: 'Evdokia', by Panova, dir. Lioznova; 'Skating Rink and Violin'. Advisable to reserve seats.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30, Sun. 8 Oct. 5 Caledonian Rd, Kings X. Dr S. N. Ghose: 'Man in Modern Society'.

LECTURES etc.—continued on p.495

'Sing "Land of Hope and Glory" for the kind gentleman.'

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